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ARNO'S
WATERS

ARNO'S WATERS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

ARNO'S WATERS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

FRANCES JANE FORSAYTH.



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ARNO'S WATERS.

Part I.

FLORENCE.

I.

SOME things does the heart remember,
When they're passed away from sight—
Such must be the radiant sunshine,
Arno's river in sunlight.

II.

Something softer than the brilliance
Of the golden hours of time,
One clear full, and winding sweetness
In the river's peopled line.

III.

Onward ever, passing cities—
Homes uprising at its side ;
Yet with winning, pensive beauty,
Does the quiet Arno glide.

IV.

Nothing moves upon the river ;
Motionless, and calmly bright—
Still reflections lie upon it,
Shadows which are softened light.

V.

Glorious names o'er Arno's waters
Sound long peals of deep renown ;
Proud the list which Florence holds,
Famous thus the brilliant town.

VI.

Alfieri's tragic muse, Dante's wondrous verse ;
Deep historians of past glory ;
Sages skilled in starry learning—
Such as this is Arno's story.

VII.

Florence was not ever sunlit,
Once her town rose in the shade,
Thus a fancied, scarce known, past,
For this beauteous town is made.

VIII.

On the shadowy side of Arno
Rises still an ancient dome ;
That great tower and solemn building
Are in deep reflection shown.*

IX.

And across the Arno's waters
May be read in tablets old,
White and sad memorial story
Of some lives and names untold.

X.

And upon the hills of Arno,
Gravest cypress marks the site
Of some view, or greyish convent
Brilliant in the evening light.

XI.

Older than the joyous City,
Rising in the sunny vale,
Church and tower of Miniato,
Tell their bright historic tale.

XII.

How the sculptor and the painter
Turned his mind to stirring thought,^b
And by energy and daring
Preservation thus was brought.

XIII.

Still this ancient tower remains,
With its front of varied stone,
And the bright Mosaic picture,
Like a glittering beacon shown.

XIV.

Sleeping under this grand shade,
And in sight of art and glory,
Are the lords of brilliant Florence—
Cold clear marble tells their story.

XV.

Tells it truly, tells it sadly,
But yet mingle in its voice,
Sweetest memories of love,
Hopes which may the soul rejoice.

XVI.

Flowers, your beauty never seems
Sweeter than in this sad guise,
When ye raise your pensive voices,
Pointing to the far-off skies.

XVII.

Everlastings, wreaths, and beauty,
In the floral world are glowing,
As if yet from death to life,
Deepest hope there fondly showing.

XVIII.

Immortality, deep blessing
To the thinking Christian soul,
Hope and help thro' Jesus' merits,
Thoughts which can great woe control.

XIX.

This should rise to every heart,
Gazing on the church and ground,
Near which sad Galileo's tower
Old and ruinous is found.

XX.

Ivy grows about it now,
Clinging like the thoughts of those
Who may picture his past story,
Bright in science, sad in woes.

XXI.

Like a world the stars before him,
Rose in myriad shining lights,
With the city of sweet Florence
Seen beneath these hermit heights.

XXII.

Some way off from Arno's river
Is a still secluded town,
And the dwellers in its walls,
From the hill on vale look down.

XXIII.

Solitary each small house,
 Cheerful sound of home unheard ;
 For no trace of life or pleasure,
 Old Certosa's gloom has stirred.

XXIV.

Quite alone the convent city—
 Cypress, pines, grow up the hill ;
 Pathway showeth in the wood,
 But none wandereth forth at will.

XXV.

Riseth up from Arno's vale,
 Sound of life, and joy, and speech,
 Falling on these saddened ears,
 Echoes which the soul will reach.

XXVI.

One hour in the passing week,⁴
 Monks may thought to others tell,
 How the heart throughout that time
 In its longing pain must swell.

XXVII.

Work in ceaseless measured time,
Endless, silent task by day,
And the rising in the night,
Some faint prayer to dimly say.

XXVIII.

Such their life—it never passes
Out of convent sight or bound,
Even after death, their name
Within convent walls is found.

XXIX.

In the distance of the vale
Is another convent tower;
Large the buildings which surround
There encamped an army's power.

XXX.

Now deserted 'tis unknown,
But for charm of art pervading
On the old hall's upper wall,
Frescoed painting brightly shading.

XXXI.

There it rests the grand old picture,
 Though the Monks have passed away,
 Beauteous relic of San Salvi,
 Art still reigns in glorious sway.

XXXII.

Old memorial, Arno's Bridges,
 And most quaint their varied form ;
 For a street of brilliant jewels
 Is upon the Arno borne.*

XXXIII.

And the bridge of Ponte Vecchio
 Does connect the gems of art,
 Which make Florence and its brightness,
 Sovereign memory in the heart.

XXXIV.

Marble guardians have the riches,
 Which in grand Uffizi rest ;
 And a reverence for the learned
 In their presence calm confest.†

XXXV.

Who can gaze upon these statues,
And not think upon the past ;
When these strong and mighty spirits,
O'er sweet Florence grandeur cast.

XXXVI.

And then turn a thoughtful glance
To the matchless Dome and Tower,
There are written, read for ever,
Genius in its giant power.

XXXVII.

Genius varied, vast, and grand,
Bursting forth to light and glory ;
And enchanting with its presence,
Scenes of fair Italian story.

THE CARNIVAL.

I.

MORNING, light o'er Arno's waters,
Morning shadows, morning hours,
While rise grey above the river,
Through the mist dim ancient towers.

II.

Full and radiant is the sunlight,
Every house and tower are shining ;
Lo ! the clocks the hour of twelve,
Time of Carnival are chiming.

III.

Mirth has now proclaimed her reign,
Treason named a face of care ;
For 'tis merry Carnival,
Carnival they thus declare.

IV.

Carnival for poor and rich,
For the laughing mask is seen;
And the time of Carnival,
Is a short and merry dream.

V.

Every colour, every brightness,
Joins to cause a laugh around;
Every whim and passing fancy,
Place in Carnival has found,

VI.

Some may mingle graver thoughts,
In the current tide of fun;
But e'en politics must mask,
Thus at Carnival 'tis done.

VII.

Laughing soldiers, merry men,
Borne along in Car of War,
While their paper plumes are waving,
And their songs resounding far.

VIII.

Some in velvet richly tinted,
Some in jerkin old and quaint,
For at time of Carnival,
Lightly thus the past they paint.

IX.

Mimic courts, and mimic courtiers,
Crimson tints and golden lace ;
For the Car of proud Italia,
In the Carnival give place.

X.

And the children whose sweet lives,
Are enriched by fairy lore,
Know the time of Carnival,
Has for them a brilliant store.

XI.

Little grey curls, merry playthings,
Understanding scarce their part ;
Only feeling that a mystery
Is a love of childish heart.

XII.

Rich and great must have their pleasure,
They must add to this gay sight ;
Beauty, grace, and vivid splendour,
Swiftly showing, glancing bright.

XIII.

Keep place soldiers, waving flags,
Make the line both clear, defined ;
While the joyous merry Corso,
Is in festive sport designed.

XIV.

There where stands the present past—
Present in its beauteous might ;
'Neath the shadow of the dome,
Is the splendour of the sight.

XV.

Gay and glittering, rich in fancy,
Is the pageant of to-day ;
Gilded coaches, prancing horses,
Fairest dames in glad display.

XVI.

Then is formed a bright procession
 Passing onward, turning round
 Near where marble S^a Croce,
 Is in snowy greatness found.

XVII.

And a little fair has risen,
 Oranges and fruit for sale ;
 And a band of stirring music,
 Mirth and joy alike prevail.

XVIII.

Thronged with gazers are the windows,
 Bright with colours and with faces ;
 Every one at Carnival,
 In the fun must choose their places.

XIX.

Looking down from upper windows
 On the S^a Croce Square,
 Can be seen the merry crowd,
 There is leisure to compare.

XX.

What is this strange thing advancing
 Travelling coach of masks and men ;
 Vetturino and light horses,
 Turning slowly round again.

XXI.

Close behind a floral chariot,
 Flowers above and flowers within ;
 Sweet confusion of bright colours,
 Does this glowing vision bring.

XXII.

Bouquets thrown in passing sport,
 And received as festive treasure ;
 Thus sweet Flora holds her court,
 In this realm of gayest pleasure.

XXIII.

And oftentimes in coming days,
 When bright bouquets they may see,
 Carnival, its spring flowers,
 Freshly gathered seem to be.

XXIV.

Sweetmeats, comfits, and bonbons,
 Follow on the Floral play ;
 Thus speed by the flying hours,
 Endeth so the joyous day.

XXV.

Lights there are, and picture shadows,
 And a gloom which is not sadness ;
 And a softness in the sky,
 Mingling with a life of gladness.

XXVI.

One by one the lights reflected,
 Count them in their double line,
 Mirrored visions, homelike brightness,
 They together thus entwine.

XXVII.

Thus is passed the gladsome story,
 Brief and bright in varied hues ;
 But at time of Carnival,
 Every one swift joy pursues.

XXVIII.

Farewell now to lovely Florence,
 Light scarce gone from life and town ;
 Fitter thus to frame the picture,
 Ere aught shade its brilliance down.

OMITTED AFTER VERSE XXXI.

I.

THERE's a city in the Arno,
 City without sight or sound,
 Yet with churches, towers, and houses,
 In its shadowy precincts found.

II.

Softly mirrored are the clouds,
 And repeated sweet blue sky—
 What can pencil like the light,
 Or such beauteous pictures try.

NOTES TO FLORENCE.

* The ancient Florence was on the northern bank of the Arno. Its origin is Etruscan, but nothing distinct is known of it during that early period.

† The church of San Miniato is of great antiquity, being built by Bishop Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry II., 1013. The Town was preserved by Michael Angelo, when Florence was besieged by Charles V., 1530. Michael Angelo at that time rendered much service to the Florentines as an Engineer. He was afterwards obliged to fly by the Imperialists.

• On a height near Florence called the Piano di Giullari is the tower of Gallo, which served as an observatory to Galileo; and close by is the villa of Gioiello, where the last years of the great astronomer's life were spent.

‡ The Ponte Vecchio has many houses built on it, and most of these have small jeweller's shops opening to the thoroughfare across the bridge. Above is the passage built by Cosmo de Medicis to serve in case of revolt, and connecting the Uffizi and Pitti palaces.

About a mile and a half from Florence, in a secluded valley, rises a considerable hill. On this is built the convent of the Certosa for Carthusian friars. It is composed of numerous small houses, and is so large that a French army bivouacked there without inconvenience. It is completely shut in from outward

intercourse. No ladies can visit the interior without special permission, but there is a church and some fine paintings to be seen. The brotherhood never come down. They have a wood on one side of the hill, also a cemetery. The Order is intensely strict—absolute silence being the rule, except for one hour during one day in the week. They live apart, and only meet occasionally at meals. They rise at five to labour in their little gardens, and their time alternates between church services and manual labour. In quite another direction, and nearer Fisoie, is the deserted convent of St. Salvi. Here is to be seen Andrea del Sarto's masterpiece, the Cenacolo, well preserved, and taken great care of.

• The statues of nearly all the celebrated Florentines are placed in separate niches under the porticos of the Uffizi.

† A true account of the Carnival of 1864, with the exception that the Confiati were forbidden on account of previous disturbances. Also there are frequent masked balls at the theatres and other places during the Carnival,

PART II.

P I S A.

I.

IN the sunlight simple forms
Of the buildings, and the things
Rise above the flowing Arno,
And the Bridge deep shadow flings.

II.

Old and sad the Pisan City,
With a fame of days gone by ;
When her Fleets upon the sea,
Bore her colours proudly high.

III.

In the group whose splendour lends
Glory to the gloomy life,
Is the grand majestic Duomo,
Victory's triumph over strife.*

IV.

Yet her Palaces though vast,
Seem deserted in their pride ;
Dimly white the ancient buildings,
Rising on fair Arno's side.

V.

Fade away the quiet dwellings
Of the olden Pisan time ;
And appeareth in their place,
One unbroken brilliant line. ♪

VI.

Houses, Palaces, and Towers,
Fairy structures of delight,
Blazing forth in fiery beauty,
Thro' the still Italian night.

VII.

And it passeth this gay dream,
And the town of flame grows faint ;
But its memory yet remains,
Memory which in verse I paint.

VIII.

Other memories arising,
Scenes of past historic days ;
While across the moonlit waters,
I in pensive musing gaze.

IX.

Sailing slowly up the river,
Darkly thro' the starry night ;
Breaking up the peaceful slumbers,
With the sounds of warlike might. '

X.

Come the Moors, who thus unseen,
Have surprised the sleeping town ;
And upon the silent streets,
Pour their barbarous warriors down.

XI.

All is now confusion, haste,
Voices clamour, shouts arise ;
And a scene of tumult reigns,
Neath the soft Italian skies.

XII.

O'er the Bridge in swiftness gliding,
 Cyzinica forced her way ;
 From the Campanile sounded,
 Citizens, to arms, away.

XIII.

Woman did this wondrous deed,
 And remains to tell her story ;
 Marble statue with her name,
 Written deep in Pisan glory.

XIV.

There are yet some sadder touches,
 In the sunshine on the river ;
 Some dark shadows resting on it,
 Though the glad lights play and quiver.

XV.

Cold stone walls shut in for ever
 Human beings, human hearts,
 Who perchance in joyous life,
 Might have borne their happy parts. ^a

XVI.

Now the sound of Arno's river,
Only seems a touch of pain ;
Perhaps it floweth past the homes,
Monks may never see again.

XVII.

Saddened thus the present scene,
But the past has deeper shade ;
And a legend of the Arno,
Which for horror may not fade.

XVIII.

Far below in Arno's waters,
Lie unseen, but well-known things ;
And a sad and tragic story,
From the depth of Arno springs. •

XIX.

Very near the flowing river,
Was a strong and well-built tower ;
Used it was as a state prison,
In the days of Guelffine power.

■

XX.

Ugolino here was taken—

While his Palace yet was burning,
Might be seen the flames arising,
If upon Lung' Arno turning.

XXI.

Ugolino and his children,

Were shut up within this Tower,
And their lives, and strict safe keeping,
Left in Ubaldini's power.

XXII.

There they waited, food expecting,
Thro' the whole of one sad day ;
And saw yet a fearful second,
Come, and dimly pass away.

XXIII.

Lying deep in Arno's waters—

What was treasure more than gold,
Floating down beneath the river—
Were the keys of their stronghold.

XXIV.

What they felt, and said, and suffered,
 None might know, except in thought;
 But the eighth day deepest silence,
 To that lonely prison brought.

XXV.

There are now a few sad trees,
 In the spot where stood the tower;
 But the memory of the tale,
 O'er the heart has painful power.

XXVI.

Long years has the silent river
 Glided on in dreamy rest,
 Since the fatal deed was done,
 And the saddening crime confest.

XXVII.

Summer sunset, winter days,
 Changing scenes of life and story,
 And the short heroic war—
 Time of sorrow and of glory.

xxviii.

Fifty years and more of stillness
Had the placid Arno known,
When a change of wintry splendour
O'er its quiet stream was thrown. '

xxix.

Frozen now the flowing river,
Desolate and still it seems,
Like the long-forsaken track
Of some ne'er-forgotten dreams,

xxx.

Brilliant is the icy river ;
But the sunshine has no glow,
Only ever painful, sad,
Is the long, clear waste of snow.

xxxi.

'Tis a cold, surpassing beauty,
Warmed not by a life-like thing,
Echoes only of ceased sweetness
Arno's frozen waters bring.

XXXII.

And throughout this wintry beauty
 Runs a thought of chilling sorrow ;
 'Tis of those whose cold and sickness,
 From the snow sad influence borrow.

XXXIII.

Deep black masks, and blackest dresses
 Are collecting, while a bell
 Slowly rings o'er Arno's waters—
 Saddening tidings does it tell.

XXXIV.

Misericordia, to your duties,^s
 Suffering ones here need your aid ;
 And of these by vow and order,
 Unknown guardians ye are made.

XXXV.

Changeful river, passing scenes,
 As of sorrow and of gladness,
 Rise in pictures to the mind,
 Cometh yet grey tinted sadness.

XXXVI.

Once again does Arno's river
 Bear a warlike train along ;
 While wait sadly on its banks,
 A wistful varied throng.

XXXVII.

Looks are bent upon the river,
 Who may first see that sweet face,
 Which in brave Italian hearts
 Gained a deep affection's place.

XXXVIII.

Garibaldi ! Soldier ! Hero !^a
 Sadly on his couch of pain,
 Comes the Warrior who has broken,
 For Italia, foreign chain.

XXXIX.

Sorrow mingles with the gladness,
 Pain is almost the first thought
 Of those waiting anxious hearts,
 Who their General thus have sought.

XL.

He is changed, for suffering quelled
Fire in that once brilliant eye ;
And deep wrinkles now are written
Where was thought the mind's reply.

XLI.

Pisa thus enrolls in story,
'Mid the glories of her name,
That to rest in sickness, sorrow,
General Garibaldi came.

XLII.

Stretching on near Arno's waters,
Is a line of Forest land ;
Deep and sombre are the Pines,
Reaching on to bright sea strand.

XLIII.

There in unfamiliar form,
Does the patient Camel roam,
Quietly, 'neath softer skies,
Minding of his desert home.

XLIV.

Thro' the Pines, the fiery glory
Of a setting sun is seen,
Glowing, rich, and vivid colour,
Thro' the dense and forest green.

XLV.

Orb of day-time's radiant empire,
Golden is thy sky-lit throne ;
And a light o'er Arno's waters,
Does thy setting splendour own.

XLVI.

Faintly imaged in the river,
Is the sunset deeply bright ;
Darker grow the sleeping shadows,
Yet more brilliant, sad red light.

XLVII.

Clear as crystal are the heavens,
Pale and beautiful to see ;
And their quiet calm is spreading
Over mountain, vale, and tree.

XLVIII.

Such is sunset o'er the Arno,
 Brilliant glory, sadly fading ;
 Like the light of ancient days,
 Present scenes awhile pervading.

NOTES TO PISA.

^a The beautiful Duomo of Pisa was built in 1118 to commemorate an expedition of the Pisans against the Saracens, over whom they obtained a decisive victory, and from whom they took the Balearie Isles.

^b Every three years, on the occasion of the feast of St. Rénier, which occurs on the 16th of June, the Lung' Arno, Pisa, is illuminated. For days previously scaffolding is erected across the bridges and in front of each dwelling. These scaffoldings are arranged to represent illuminated buildings. On one occasion the tower of the Prefecture was thus converted into a brilliant resemblance of the Torre Vecchio, Florence.

^c In the ancient days of Pisa the city was frequently invaded by the Moors of Sardinia. One particular invasion is related by Sismondi, and also the anecdote of Cyzinica Sismondi's daring.

The Moors sailed up the Arno in Galleys, and by this means surprised the town. All might have been lost, had not Cyzinica Sismondi forced her way through the invading troops across the Ponte Mezzo and caused the alarm bell of the city to be rung. The sound rousing the Pisans from their slumbers they hastened to meet the enemy, and the Moors were repulsed. Cyzinica's bravery and heroism were commemorated in a statue bearing her name. Possibly this statue may now be destroyed, but the story is authentic.

^d A large Convent of Benedictine Monks rises on the north side of the Arno. To the Convent belongs an ancient church, the former Duomo of Pisa. The fraternity are, I understood, a hundred in number. They never leave the Convent, and only hear mass in the church through a grating.

• Count Ugolino di Gherardesca was Captain General of Pisa in the year 1284. He belonged to the faction of the Ghibellines, but made peace with the Guelfine League by promising to give up Pisa to the Florentines. He exercised such tyranny that his government was odious. He himself murdered the nephew of the Archbishop. After his treachery was discovered he was besieged in his palace, July 1288. Ugolino and his children were taken and the palace burnt. The Count and his family were then shut up as I have described, and the keys of the tower given to the Archbishop. He being, of course, Ugolino's enemy, and a base man, threw the keys into the river. They were never found, and are still, probably, lying at the bottom of the river. The memory of Ugolino's fate became so hateful to the Pisans that they en-

tirely destroyed the tower. The gloomy old Piazza of the Cavalieri at Pisa is the former locality of the tower, but the exact spot is somewhere near the Ecole Normale—indeed I fancy where some large trees may be seen rising between the buildings.

This account is partly extracted from "Sismondi's Storia del Rinascimento de Progressi del Dècadimento e della Rovina della Libertà in Italia.

' When I was at Pisa, in the winter of 1863-4, the cold was intense, and I was told that in the memory of the oldest Pisans such weather was unknown. Gradually the Arno was frozen over. I saw boys amusing themselves on the ice near the Spasseggiata, and a boy ran across the Arno below the Ponte Mezzo. To be within compass I have placed the event of the Arno being frozen as not occurring for fifty years, but I was told a longer period had elapsed since it was last frozen over.

* The Order of the Misericordia is so numerous, and the Institution so excellent, that I venture to add some particulars of it for the benefit of the curious in such things.

The Misericordia are a remarkable Order existing in Tuscany or Rome. They date their commencement to 1346, having arisen in consequence of a Plague in Florence. There is a Patron Saint, who was the founder, it is supposed, of various other charitable institutions. They dress in black, with black masks and large hats. All classes belong to the society, and the king is the recognized head. Donations are given by the members, and seven paoli is subscribed by each member, yearly. Also they beg in the streets, and at the houses of the citizens. Their office is, on the ringing of

a certain bell, to assemble at any hour of the day or night. They meet in a room, mask themselves, and go forth to their duty. One of them is called the servo, or servant. His duty is to ascertain from the messenger of the citizen the house where the Misericordia are required, and he also rings the bell. In Pisa the Misericordia are a thousand in number. They assemble at will, and are obliged to assist at any sudden accident, and to bury the dead. In the cold weather in Pisa the bell generally rang twice a day, and I used to see processions of the masked brotherhood crossing the Ponte Mezzo. One day I saw that they carried in the centre of the procession a kind of wooden tray full of small baskets. On enquiry I found these baskets contained everything necessary for the sick. The medical man of the order sees the sick person before he is placed into the litter. While the brethren convey him to the hospital a halt is called every now and then to ascertain his state, and anything is administered that may be needful before his arrival at the hospital. The Brotherhood assemble for mass every Sunday evening, in their own hall.

^h General Garibaldi came to Pisa before proceeding to Spezzia. I was in his house, the Albergo Peverada.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S HOUSE.

I.

VACANT, yet inhabited

By a presence and a story ;
With voices ever sounding.
And thoughts of life abounding.

II.

The presence of a mind,
And the story of a Painter ;
Whose works alone are name,
And whose name is lasting fame.

III.

His art will tell his story,
And Artists' pictures show
The events of his grand past,
In light and colour cast.

IV.

His writings and his poems,
His thoughts of song and sweetness,
The brief and gladsome lightness
Of his hours of happy brightness.

V.

And the deep belief, the trust,
The simple Christian faith,
Which made him rest for ever,
On Him who faileth never.

VI.

The upward springing touches,
The varied dreams of fancy,
Of marble and of art,
Which with him lived not apart.

VII.

The portraits of his youth,
The time of middle life ;
And the sadder hours of age,
All here deep thought engage.

VIII.

The things which cheered his leisure,
The familiar household gems ;
The riches of the mind
For gentle use enshrined.

IX.

And in all there lives a spirit,
In all there rests a power,
Of Art, its home and glory,
Told in the Painter's story.

NOTE.—Michael Angelo's house, in Florence, is still inhabited by his descendants, and they have formed his rooms into a sort of gallery, arranged as I have described in the Poem. Various artists have painted the sides of one room with different scenes from Michael Angelo's life ; and there are models and original drawings of Michael Angelo's in some of the rooms.

MOONLIGHT ON THE ARNO.

I.

THE quietness of moonlight,
The calm of evening time
Has fallen on the city,
After vesper's varied chime.

II.

There's a clearness as of crystal,
And purity of white ;
In the houses on the Arno.
In the moonbeam's gentle light.

III.

Soft in radiance is the scene,
Glittering lamps and starry sky ;
While upon the quiet Arno,
Kindred brightness seems to lie.

IV.

'Tis a tale by silence told ;
Silence in its beauteous form ;
But with robe of light and sweetness,
O'er her colder shadows worn.

V.

The sounds which rise are dim,
The thoughts of life below ;
Are hushed amid the brightness,
The moonbeam's silver glow.

VI.

The stillness of the beauty,
And the softness of repose,
Lie on the town and buildings
Which bright Arno's line enclose.

VII.

There's a white and distant Convent
Upon the woody height—
The beauty of the moonlight
Will make its stillness bright.

VIII.

'Tis a beauty which has comfort,
And a sweetness which has power,
This solemnity of quiet,
'Neath the ancient church and tower.

IX.

The brightness is most calming,
The shadows are not sad,
Yet something almost holy
This evening moonlight had.

DANTE'S HOUSE.

I.

NARROW, dark, and dimly sombre,
Where the Poet lived and thought ;
And the grand and fitful dreaming,
Of his Muse in silence wrought.

II.

Sunshine came not, cheering sweetly
Those small windows in the street ;
But the brightness of rich Fancy,
Did his clearer vision greet.

III.

Perhaps for even this poor dwelling,
He had thoughts of love and home ;
Thro' its sad and lonesome stillness.
Might the far-off sunshine come.

IV.

On the radiance which the setting
Of the Sun, to Florence gave,
Dante often gazed and dreamed,
Near the Arno's quiet wave.

V.

Watched the shadow stealing over,
The great glory of the Dome ;
Then went slowly in the twilight
Musing to his little home.

VI.

There he painted strangest visions,
Scenes of horror and of might ;
Which in their substantial grandeur,
Real seemed to his deep sight.

VII.

And the softened sweeter touches
Of the fairer nature showing ;
Round and in the beauteous Florence,
'Mid the light in brilliance glowing.

VIII.

There too, he, the Poet, Artist,
 Of the wondrous Chiming Tower;
 Sat and listened in the evening
 To this mind of matchless power.

IX.

All have passed away from life,
 Artist, Poet, but remain;
 Works and memories of each,
 Things which give themselves a name.

X.

And the old house in the street,
 Has an interest not of time;
 There it was that Dante lived—
 This, this is a Poet's shrine.

NOTE.—Dante's former house in Florence is in so out of the way a neighbourhood that it might remain unnoticed by visitors. The street is unusually dark and narrow, but it is not far from the Duomo, near which is to be seen Dante's Stone. And it is said the Poet passed many evenings sitting in the Piazza, and admiring the marvellous Cathedral. Giotto and Dante were great friends.



Part II.

P O E M S

WRITTEN PRINCIPALLY IN FRANCE,

1861-2.

THE OLD HOUSE AT CANNAE.

I.

SIMPLY an old house, nothing more,
With a host of memories in store ;
It is quiet now, for time has fled—
Of those who lived there, all are dead.

II.

The Windows were closed long ago,
But they still have light in the sunset glow ;
There are many cracked and broken panes,
And the floor is damp whenever it rains.

III.

The Door alone has a youthful look,
Though many a wind its firmness shook ;
But the brass remained strong, and still
Resisting the tempest's iron will.

IV.

The house is lonely and very sad,
Indeed it never could have been glad ;
Though voices within that still old room,
Might e'en dispel its weary gloom.

V.

Yet only a few steps from the door,
Is beauty, scarce perhaps seen before ;
And nature has thrown a glory of flowers,
On Upper Cannae's southern bowers.

VI.

The fruit trees are full of richest bloom ;
The olives have a cool sweet gloom ;
And the orange groves perfume the breeze
As it passes over the soft green trees.

VII.

Quietly the Convent Bell,
Peals above the trees and flowers ;
Telling that, in beauty passing,
Fly unseen Time's brightest hours.

UNDER THE OLIVES.

I.

UNDER the Olives in the morning hours,
Passing time in a vale of flowers ;
Rejoicing, hoping, smiling,
Sorrowful thoughts awhile beguiling.

II.

Under the Olives, the beauteous shade
Of a quiet green, which may never fade ;
The soothing influence of Nature's power,
Under the Olives' sunlit bower.

III.

Under the Olives, the bright'ning pleasure
Of a time of beauty, a time of leisure ;
Resting thus in joyful peace,
Feeling the deeper heart-notes cease.

IV.

Under the Olives, soft colours, gay faces—
One of Nature's fairy places ;
The home of love, and joy, and brightness,
Under their tranquil gladsome lightness,

ENGLISH BELLS.

(WRITTEN ABROAD.)

I.

BEAUTIFUL Bell, thy quiet tone,
Has a sympathy with home ;
Bells will ring in my saddened heart,
Bells of the past, alas ! a part.

II.

Bells which rang on summer days,
Bells whose gentle music plays,
Far o'er the English dale and hill,
Bells of memory ring ye still.

III.

Bells which rang on snowy morn,
Bells whose gladness deep was borne,
Into the English home and hearth,
Bells which showed a heavenly path.

IV.

Bells which rang the quiet hours,
Bells which pealed o'er English flowers,
Bells which I knew in childish play,
Bells of memory, are ye gay.

V.

English Bells, I hear ye still
Pealing far o'er vale and hill ;
And my heart with you is glad,
Though your echoes ring sweetly sad.

BRIGHTNESS.

I.

THERE is brightness in the sunshine,
As it falls on common things ;
And with its well-known sweetness,
A present beauty brings.

II.

There is brightness in the groves,
Where the golden fruits repose
On the still and beauteous trees,
Whose bright dark leaves enclose.

III.

There is brightness in the sunset,
When the radiant tints of eve
Fall on the day's glad landscape.
And softer beauties leave.

IV.

There is brightness in the sunrise,
A tranquil, hopeful morning ;
When the joys and cares of day,
On the heart are gently dawning.

V.

There is brightness in the heart,
When a loved one is nigh ;
There is happiness in thought,
Expressed in joy's light sigh.

VI.

There is brightness in life,
Though shadows lie along
Our onward joyous path,
And check continuous song.

VII.

There is brightness in childhood,
Joy's sweetness lies deep
In the heart of a child
Who this treasure may keep.

VIII.

There is brightness in home,
Where love-light shines ever ;
And the heart in its warmth,
Grows cold, never, never.

IX.

There's a brightness in meeting,
When long years are past ;
'Tis a ray of clear sunshine,
Through parting o'ercast.

SONG OF THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES,

LYONS.

I.

We are never weary,
Chiming solemn hours ;
Ever sweetly telling
Religion's glorious powers.

II.

We chime often sadly,
Yet our music gives
Consolation gladly,
Whispering, "He lives."

III.

We are grand and mighty ;
Our triumphant peal,
Does to passing strangers
Wondrous truths reveal.

IV.

We, on Easter morning,
Chime with glorious voice ;
Telling to all around us
In the Resurrection now rejoice.

V.

We have chimed thro' ages,
Seen many pass away ;
And still are grand and beautiful
Upon this April day.

THE LIGHTS ABOVE THE RIVER.
WRITTEN AT THE HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, LYONS,
LOOKING UP THE SAONE.

I.

THE Lights above the River
How brilliantly they shine ;
How dazzling is their light,
In its clear and varied line.

II.

The lights above the river,
Like stars of earth they gleam ;
Yet darkness, as a cloud,
Does oft between them seem.

III.

The lights above the river,
How many forms they take ;
Yet always of bright beauty
Their faintest shades partake.

IV.

The lights above the river,
On its dark and quiet tide,
Are reflected in proud beauty,
Along its peopled side.

V.

The lights above the river,
In the quiet hours of night,
Still shine in silent beauty,
With their calm and brilliant light.

VI.

The lights above the River,
They mark the Church, the Hall;
And the lights above the river,
Have a beauty passing all.

THE BELLS AT NIGHT.

I.

THE Bells at Night are sounding,
The clocks of distant towers
Telling faintly, telling truly,
The dimly-passing hours.

II.

The bells at night are ringing,
Bringing onward day ;
Some afar are swelling—
Some like unseen music play.

III.

The bells at night are beautiful
When listening, all is still,
Except the bells of Churches
Rung by Old Time's stern will.

IV.

The bells at night are friends,
 A sympathy is found
 Amid the gloomy hours
 In hearing their clear sound.

V.

The bells at night are solemn—
 For though all else has fled,
 A voice amid the silence
 Proclaims Time's iron tread.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I.

HAPPY, heedless, careless thing,
 Insect of the Summer wing;
 Plaything of the sunshine brightness,
 Sprite of airy lightness.

II.

In thy joyous flight ne'er resting,
With gay life the air investing ;
Counting not thy summer hours,
Only pausing with the flowers.

III.

Scarcely heeding why thy day
Is so full of sunny ray ;
Ever shewing dancing pleasure
In the Summer's beauteous leisure.

IV.

Sympathy thou hast alone
With bright things which beauty own ;
In thy life no trace of sorrow,
Though thou may'st ne'er know a morrow.

V.

Type of joy, that fairy thing,
Who a robe of light will fling
Over sight, and scene, and sound,
O'er the heart's soft landscape ground.

THE BIRD AND THE TELEGRAPH.

I.

A LITTLE Bird was sitting
Quiet and alone ;
And of thoughts electric wire
Made a kingdom of its own.

II.

Not a note the warbler sang,
But in silence viewed,
Passers who the bird might scan
In its pensive mood.

III.

Underneath him perhaps, were flying
Messages of joy or woe ;
Things of greatness, seeming trifles,
Nothing of it he might know.

IV.

Silent sentinel of nature,
Resting, pausing, in his song,
While the mighty words of kingdoms,
Were yet hurrying along.

V.

Like a glad rejoicing being,
Free and happy yet he seemed;
But a thought of deeper meaning,
In his presence gently gleamed.

VI.

'Tis that when the grand convulsions,
The great hurricanes of life,
Are yet raging round and near us,
Still some thought of peace is rife.

VII.

Faith, like that sweet bird is sitting,
Though on Earth unheard her song;
And its heavenward notes are ringing,
Where rest, pause, the Angel throng.

LINES ON LE PALAIS DES PAPES
AVIGNON.

I.

OLD and fading in its beauty,
Yet a thing of thought and time,
Stands the Palace of the Popedom,
'Mid the southern glorious clime.

II.

Those great towers rise from the past,
Bringing with them memory's power ;
And the chain of thought may last,
To that grand and fatal hour.

III.

Vines and rich luxuriant beauty
Lie around those quiet walls ;
But a sad and touching sweetness,
O'er their presence gently falls.

IV.

Grey and soft the distant mountains,
Bound the green and verdant scene ;
And the Rhone's clear brilliant waters,
Glide the quiet banks between.

V.

Towns and hamlets peaceful seeming,
Mark with life the sunny plain.
But we turn from the bright present
To the solemn past again.

VI.

And the past joins with the present,
And the spirit will yet stray
O'er the Palace of the Popes,
O'er its memories, and decay.

MOUNTAIN VALLEYS.

I.

THE soft Snow rests in stillness,
Beneath the brilliant sky ;
The glaciers glittering sharpness,
In clearest whiteness lie,
And the Alpine Flowrets climbing far,
Reach up towards the snow ;
A sweet and radiant tinting,
Is spread where'er they grow.

II.

Dashing past the stones, whose green
Rises 'mid the wave-like foam,
Is the Torrent in the valley,
Flowing near the Chalet Home ;
Where like forests rise the Pines,
Falls deep shade on freshest grass,
And upon the mountain meadow
Flocks of goats do homeward pass.

There a region of bright snow,
 Lies above a green sweet vale ;
 Many a chalet riseth near,
 Scene of Peasant life and tale.

VIII.

Rosy is the cold white snow,
 Brightly burns the mountain fires ;^b
 Stretching o'er the far-off Peaks,
 While the Sun's last ray expires,
 Cooler is the Summer's eve,
 And the fires are fading fast ;
 Till upon their brilliant path,
 Twilight's solemn gloom is cast.

IX.

O'er the snow-land light is spreading,
 Beauty of the moon-lit hours,
 Showing forth the dreamy stillness
 Of the higher Alpine powers ;

^b The Alpglühén or Mountain Fires are an extraordinary appearance of brilliant fires on the Alps about sunset at certain seasons of the year.

And the lights around are gleaming
 From the chalets 'mid the trees ;
 While the sweet soft air is blowing
 Switzerland's clear mountain breeze,

THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

I.

A MEMORY of past days,
 A present sweetness wearing,
 With quietude of Time
 Its strange grand presence bearing,
 And a thoughtful charm enjoying,
 Yet no beauty thus destroying.

II.

The elegance and brightness
 Of the Castle o'er the River,
 Proclaim the taste and greatness
 Of the long dead Builder Giver,
 Who rejoiced in splendid halls
 'Neath the Castle's strongest walls.

III.

Summer brightness forced its way
Thro' the ruins of the past,
Greenest verdure upward springing,
Joyousness around has cast,
Joy, if joy may ever dwell
Where sad memory tales will tell.

IV.

There the Stuarts noble daughter
Held gay feast and festive hour;
But the German fair Electorate,
Did not her suffice in power.
“Let me have Bohemia's lands
In the Electors sovereign hands.”

V.

Trees of grandeur and of age
In her garden now repose,
Where a brilliant little court
Did around the Stuart close,
Laughs of maidens, mirth of kings,
This old garden memory brings.

VI.

Fire, three times the Castle stood,
 Ten long sieges it beheld ;
 But its strong majestic beauty
 Only Heavens' Lightening quelled,
 Thunder pealed throughout the Halls—
 Now remain their roofless walls.

VII.

And the memories of the past,
 Of the mighty and the fair
 Come around the stranger passing,
 Beauty still is ever there,
 Beauty of far-stretching vale,
 And of grand historic tale.

NOTE.—Heidelberg Castle was anciently the residence of the Elector Palatine. The portion over the River is in something of the Elizabethan style, and was built by Otto Henry, 1556. Part of the Castle has trees and shrubs growing in the former rooms, this is the case in the English Palace built for the reception of Princess Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James the First of England. A garden was also laid out for her, still called Elizabeth's garden. Her husband, the Elector Frederic Fifth, was offered the Crown of Bohemia, and hesitated to accept it till Elizabeth exclaimed "Let me rather eat dry bread at the table of a king, than feast at the board of an Elector."—**MRS. JAMESON.**

This Elizabeth actually did, for she lived to beg dry bread, though Queen of Bohemia.

LONDON FLOWERS.

I.

'Tis a dull and foggy day !
But still the flowers are gay
With their country look and scent,
And their forms just slightly bent.

II.

And though it is the town,
There are many passing down
The city's small side street,
To whom the flowers are sweet.

III.

The innocence of flowers,
And their touch of country hours
Will make a passer by
Give a slight memorial sigh.



IV.

•
And to the children's eyes,
The children sweetly wise,
The flowers have beauty rare,
Which grow in city square.

V.

Thus the simple, joyous things
Have almost spirit wings,
And bear the heart away
To the heath and common gay.

VI.

To the buttercups sweetly growing,
To the daisy brightly showing,
To the joys of country hours—
Such the use of City Flowers.

THE WATCHER.

I.

LONELY Watching
Mournful hours,
'Neath thy shadow
Grey Church Towers.

II.

Eyes whose gaze
Grief displays,
Look wistfully down
Over the town.

III.

Thro' the gloomy haze,
The painful gaze
Of anxious thought
Which vainly sought,

IV.

In the darkened night,
From her silent height,
Familiar feeling,
Or thought revealing.

V.

The grand cold scene,
With its mournful mien,
No sympathy showed,
Though Home-lights glowed.

VI.

And voices uprose
At Evening's close,
Which life would bring,
Though a distant thing.

VII.

Alone, and sorrow
No aid could borrow
From the world around,
But the Church bells' sound.

VIII.

A pale dim light
Burned through the night;
The Watcher staid,
And in silence prayed.

IX.

Then the morning,
O'er the City dawning;
The Grey Church Tower,
Pealed forth the hour.

X.

Pealed forth the hour,
Oh, wondrous power
Of the old Church clock!
What electric shock!

XI.

Has brought a smile
To the lips awhile,
Closed o'er in pain,
As if hope were vain.

XII.

On a distant shore,
 Where breakers roar,
 A ship is seen,
 In her fancy's dream.

XIII.

And a tall form stands,
 Bound for distant lands;
 For a Brother's crime
 Was endured this time.

 OLD DREAMS.

I.

OLD dreams! do you call them old?
 Those Tales which were never told;
 Those joyous happy birds—
 Who the groves of thought have stirred;
 Those shapes of sunlit air,
 To the heart most real fair.

II.

Old dreams! do you call them old?
 Those glittering shrines of gold;
 Those drops of morning dew;
 Those thoughts for ever new;
 Those lights where no shade is seen;
 Those days where no time hath been.

III.

Old dreams! do you call them old?
 Those flowers which the past will hold;
 Those dreaming twilight hours;
 Those mid-day shady bowers;
 Those violets whose scent we feel;
 Those joys whose hopes were real.

IV.

Old dreams! do you call them old?
 Time's fragrant years unfold;
 The freshness of early scenes;
 Do you call them old, those dreams?
 Old! for time has passed away;
 But ever new in memory's ray.

TOO LATE.

I.

ROME, the mighty, grand, and strong—
Grand with ruins of old time;
Bright with living genius;
Genius from varied clime.

II.

Rome had now a festive joy,
Waiting for the morrow's hour,
When the triumph of great song
Should be seen in matchless power.

III.

Many were the anxious thoughts
Of those living 'neath its walls;
But one interest now was felt,
'Mid its Palaces and Halls.

The

A loud peal

But to them that

Sad tidings

For death had

All doors

And soon in

Will be

Too Late

Why

Fast

Too Late



es.



PART II.

I.

'Twas a morning of great beauty—
Joy shone in the early air,
And festive expectation
Showed gladly everywhere.

II.

And varied groups collecting,
Talked of the splendid sight,
And brighter, happier grew
The town, with the noon daylight.

III.

A procession (forming slowly)
Went onward thro' the streets,
Gathering people in its way,
All join, whom thus it meets.

IV.

They pause at the Convent door ;
 A loud peal sounds within ;
 But to them the Porter monk,
 Sad tidings will quickly bring.

V.

For death has passed before ;
 All doors were open to him ;
 And soon in the Convent Chapel
 Will be sung the Requiem Hymn.

VI.

Too Late ! are the crowns and triumph
 Which you bring for the Poet-Bard,
 Far better a thoughtful love,
 In his sorrows past had shared.

VII.

Tasso died at yester-even,
 And the glory you give to day ;
 He felt but little solace
 As his spirit passed away,

EVENING, (A CITY).

I.

EVENING, amid the city walls ;
Evening, whose silent softness falls
Over the streets and city trade ;
Twilight has gentle glory made.

II.

Evening, amid whose peaceful gloom,
Come some forth whom brilliant noon
Saw within the weary shade
Of toil, which of summer, darkness made.

III.

Evening, when the old Churches and Towers
Are smiling in radiance of sunset hours,
And the city has somewhat of beauty cast
Over the buildings and streets of the past.

IV.

Evening, when all that is grey and old,
 Something memorial doth unfold,
 And the spirit passes in sunset light
 To times thro' the past in stillness bright.

V.

Evening, when sorrow's tearless ones
 Famished, worn, almost life weary,
 Pace awhile the quiet streets,
 The shades of day are not so dreary.

VI.

To those we meet on a City eve,
 Suffering ones, who may not grieve,
 Their life's hard day will soon be done
 To evening-time they have ever clung.

VII.

Evening's touch is soft and kind,
 Bringing comfort to their mind;
 Evening's time has resting hours,
 Their poor life-time's only flowers.

VIII.

Evening, when love which thro' the day,
Only in pictured thought might stray
From the work, and toil, and darksome light
Of rooms, which in summer are never bright.

IX.

To evening, the walk and one short hour,
Which, over a life has simple power,
For affections trust will through the day
Look forward to the evening grey.

X.

Evening, when those who have known the fields,
Feel that a City sunset yields
Country joys and summer thought,
Such as in day-time they vainly sought.

XI.

Evening, has tranquil quiet peace ;
It brings to the mind in calm release
From the cares, the toils, of busy day ;
It will be Evening, ere Eternal Day.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

I.

A GOLDEN ring on the slender finger ;
Ah ! fond heart, why thus linger
O'er that cold and glittering thing—
Thy poor Wedding-ring.

II.

Those sunny curls with their waving gladness
Cluster round a face of sadness,
And the light of those sweet blue eyes,
Shadowed in melancholy lies.

III.

That bright mouth with its ready smile,
And its joyous pout the while
Firm and closed in, as deepened pain,
Seems unfit to smile again.

IV.

In thy face a sudden light
Brightens e'en despairing night;
Who could break the simple spell,
Which bears to a Past loved too well.

V.

Golden Laburnum clusters hanging
Dusty, yet beautiful in the Square;
Placed thy heart with quickened feeling
In a life which yet seems fair.

VI.

On just such a summer morning,
The Church bells rang above,
And you listened to the sweetness
Of words of whispered love.

VII.

And golden Laburnum trees
Were amid thy new home's flowers,
Ah! with them comes a memory
Of ever hopeful hours.

VIII.

Thou turn'st from soft dark eyes
Which lovingly rest on thee,
For the lone heart murmurs
Despair and treachery.

IX.

The scene of ten years past,
When a cold farewell was said,
It is to that bitter moment
Thy mournful thoughts have fled.

X.

You uttered pleading words,
And you gazed in that cold stern face;
But there was no gleam of pity
Which thy fond heart might trace.

XI.

No, a broken heart is thine,
That little cared for thing,
As powerless for joy or hope
As thy poor Wedding-ring.

XII.

Only sometimes comes thy past
Alone in its fancied sweetness ;
'Tis but a wintry sunbeam
Of brief and passing fleetness.

XIII.

Once again in the quiet Square,
The golden Laburnum's wave ;
But she who loved their beauty
Is in her silent grave.

LINES
SUGGESTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE'S PICTURE
OF LA MARTYRE CHRETIENNE.

I.

FLOATING down the **River** ;
Feeling not, nor knowing
The cold and pathless road
Of the **River** ever flowing.

II.

On the quiet face yet resteth
The shade of life's sad sorrow ;
But o'er it shineth peace
From the soul's **Eternal Morrow.**

III.

Darkness falling round
That lifeless silent form,
Which onward by the current,
Past the haunts of life is borne.

IV.

No sympathy surrounds
The Martyr on her way,
Save that mysterious light
Which resteth there alway.

V.

Encircling deepest gloom
Beyond an endless shade ;
But just around the Martyr
A guardian radiance played.

VI.

The fair and girlish hair
Fell on the rippled wave,
Which to the dripping garments,
A softer semblance gave.

VII.

A Boat and two lone beings
Stand by that gloomy shore ;
The things of human life,
But seen by her no more.

VIII.

Now at rest for ever,
 Was that being of life and bloom,
 Her soul in a heaven of glory,
 Though fearful her earthly doom.

IX.

Onward, past shores unseen ;
 Onward, unknown, untended ;
 When may her lonely journey,
 Her voyage of Death be ended.

REGRETS.

I.

SHADOWY Ships on a stormy sea,
 Like phantom-hopes they seem to be,
 Drifting through the mists of time,
 Drearily, ah drearily.

II.

Just their forms are dimly shown,
Grey and spectral still they seem,
Like the outward passing band
Of a Life-time's blighted dream.

III.

Soon the distant clouds close sadly
O'er those pale and shadowy things,
And we only know too surely
That our Hope's sweet bird had wings.

IV.

Wings to fly away and leave us
Lonely on the quiet shore,
Gazing o'er the gloomy waters,
For a Hope-ship seen no more.

THE DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED.

I.

DREAMILY the quiet hours

Come and pass away,

Mournful in their flight

Towards the early day.

II.

Thro' a grated window

Gleams the softened light;

Moonbeams' peaceful sweetness

Make a sad scene bright.

III.

Falling on the face

Of a man, who calmly sleeping,

Little feels the guilt

O'er which watch is ever keeping.

IV.

The sleeper's eyes are closed
To the silent gloomy cell,
And to the moonbeams' rays,
Which there will gently dwell,

V.

But they open on a past,
Where joyous thought may stray
On a wood, in whose green shade
Two children gaily play,

VI,

Dancing 'mid the happy trees,
Watching insects on the wing,
And upon the sunny days,
Rejoicing in Life's Spring,

VII,

- Until the passing light,
A deeper shade has thrown ;
And from the brilliant woods,
The day's gay joy has flown,

VIII.

Then they enter a little Cottage,
In whose windows fire-light plays ;
A cheerful home-thought bringing
To the stranger's passing gaze.

IX.

Days pass in swifter dreams,
And childhood too has fled,
While many forest Autumns,
Around their leaves have shed.

X.

And yet the childish love
Has grown with stronger years,
Though now it only owns
Sweet hopes and passing fears,

XI.

And still in the summer evenings,
In the forest woods they stray ;
And still in the quiet light,
The summer insects play.

XII.

By Lucy scarce acknowledged
What gives the spot its charm,
Nor why the evening hour
Brings with it gentle balm.

XIII.

'Tis but the glowing sweetness
Of fragrant summer air,
Which gives a deeper beauty,
The heart's noon free from care.

XIV.

What a Summer-time of joy,
These dreams of early youth ;
The Birds and Flowers seem sweeter
When love has simple truth.

XV.

As yet the withering touch
Of disappointments blight
Has left the early buds of Love
To bloom in our glad sight.

XVI.

'Then as the dream-time passed,
He heard soft Marriage Bells;
On a tranquil youthful life
His sleeping fancy dwells.

XVII.

And rests in much-loved scenes,
With an eager clasping joy,
Which the coming of bright day
Must ever now destroy.

XVIII.

'Twas very dark and still,
But soon the Sun would rise,
And give a fresh new beauty
To shadowy midnight skies.

XIX.

His warm rays would cheer
The cold and quiet Cell;
But the Prison-clock must strike
The Criminal's Life-Knell.

XX.

In seeing day-light shine,
On the criminal's bright dreams,
More real, fearful, bitter,
His Present sadly seems.

XXI.

For the untouched guilty mind
Fled from its coming sorrow ;
Alone to a happy Past,
Not to Eternal Morrow.

NOTE.—It is an authenticated fact that Criminals often pass the night before Death in the fullest Dreams of Happiness.

AUTUMN.

I.

SUMMER's passing far away,
To visit other lands ;
But she throws back Autumn sunshine,
As she passes from her hands.

II.

There were frost-blooms in the orchard,
Before the Summer's power,
They left soft, tiny fruits
Unseen in its floral hour.

III.

The Crimson Fairy left her touch
On Apple, Crab, and Berry—
More precious is their ripe, red glow
Than the Currant, or the Cherry.

VI.

And the green leaves of the Summer
 Lie scattered far and wide,
 While through the Autumn foliage,
 The Sun's bright glories glide.

THE PERISHED CHURCH AT ANTIBES.

"Standing on the Ramparts at Antibes, in the immediate view of the Bay of the Angels, and looking down on the Beach below you are told a Church once rose there. The Churchyard lies beneath your feet."

I.

QUIET are thy walls and precincts;
 Ancient are thy cold, stone towers;
 Brilliant in their sunshine splendour
 Pass the long delicious hours.

II.

While thy Bay in matchless beauty
Holds enthralled our thought and sight,
Sadly come in Memory's grandeur
Scenes long gone from Nature's light.

III.

Faint and dim, that far-off Picture,
Rising slowly from the Past,
And the outlines of its shadow
In the Present may not last.

IV.

'Twas a Church, whose bell was pealing
Upon a quiet strand ;
And some little boats were hastening
Towards the sunny land.

V.

There were groups of peasants
Passing through a tiny wicker gate ;
And from the distant groves
Friends come, whom lingering they wait.

VI.

Solemn, sad, remindful,
The Little Churchyard seemed
The soothing sweetness of affection,
'Mid its quiet stillness gleamed.

VII.

But the Picture faded quickly,
Faded far away from view ;
Though its memories, and its beauty,
Yet seemed a Tale most true.

VIII.

No time was known as its era,
No words could say when ceased ;
The sound of the Bell on the Waters,
When ceased that sound of peace.

IX.

Only once a Church had rested,
Where the waves had now their sway ;
And in memory yet was heard,
This Bell at early day.

R E S T .

I.

THE Rest of Nature in wintry sleep ;
Unseen slumbers the sweet flowers keep
Over their life, the calm cold snow,
Will in their stead white beauty show.
Little of grace in the bare dark trunk
Of the Oak whose greener brightness shrunk,
From the wind which bitterly onward swept,
And nought of its summer beauty kept.

II.

The Rest of the Ocean in its pride,
As its quiet waves in gay peace glide ;
Softly on them, sunshine and shade
Hover around the light path made.
By the tiny boats and passing bird,
Sometimes a distant song is heard ;
Visions of rest must fill our heart,
As the Ocean sleepeth a world apart.

III.

The Rest of Summer, the calm sunlight,
 Harmonious, rejoicing, sweetly, bright,
 Giving a beauty to each grey stone,
 Marking with joy the small path shown.
 In the wood, or over the green fields lying,
 Where are summer shadows to light replying—
 Perfection of beauty in Summer days,
 A Feeling of Rest in itself conveys.

IV.

The Rest of Night to be alone,
 And its cold and quiet Empire own;
 Around is tranquil, resting sleep
 Yet, where thoughts of World-life still lie deep.
 In darkness, the form of Sorrow comes,
 In stillness, our busy spirit roams,
 And the Rest of Night brings not repose,
 More pitiless yet Care-shadows close.

V.

The Rest of the Heart, where shall it be;
 Where shall the bounding, youthful glee
 Which scarcely shrinks from the touch of sorrow,
 Secure in its coming joyous Morrow;

Where shall it rest when a shade is lying
 Over life's flowers in the sad past dying,
 It shall rest in sympathy, love, and home—
 There shall the suffering sad one come.

VI.

The rest of Pain, the shivering Heart,
 Worn and weary, placed apart
 By the mighty barrier of numbing grief,
 Finds for itself unknown relief
 In the quiet, motionless state of Brain,
 Which only Sorrow's self may gain—
 Yet this is Rest, and the heart may never
 From woe, this gentle influence sever.

VII.

The Rest of Hope, 'mid weary day ;
 'Tis a Rest to have a home, where strays
 Each joyous thought, when hours flit by,
 To feel we have some loved thing nigh,
 The Hope may never be our own,
 Its joy may thus be only shown,
 But it yet has rested the tired soul,
 Though the heart has never reached its goal.

VIII.

The Rest of joy, we may trust awhile,
 The joy now ours, 'tis its opening smile,
 And the Heart will rest after waiting hours,
 And rejoice sometimes in gathered flowers ;
 It cannot gaze on the Future now,
 It will not think, while these Flowers blow,
 Until their blossoms scentless lie,
 And their memory only resteth nigh.

IX.

The Rest of Memory, how quiet seems
 The far-off Land of early dreams ;
 With what tranquil sweetness we trace the ways
 Of those once heart-chequered, youthful days.
 There's a Rest in sitting still awhile,
 Where the Joys of past life yet may smile,
 And cooling the feverish steps of Time,
 In the Waters o'er which young Rose-buds climb.

X.

The Rest of Eternity, deep repose
 Does o'er Angel Spirits sweetly close,
 When the gates of gold are shut on Sin,
 And the weary traveller's entered in :

The Rest of Night has passed away,
 For there 'tis ever radiant day,
 And the Light, which is a Saviour's love,
 Is also Rest for the Souls above.

REMEMBRANCE.

I.

A SHADOW followeth close
 Affection's bright-loved form ;
 And ever nearer creepeth,
 By passing years on borne.

II.

And no one perhaps perceiveth
 This grey and mournful thing,
 Which to the heart's best loved ones,
 Unseen will ever cling.

III.

But when their sunlight radiance,
 Their joyous life has fled,
 A shadow onward cometh,
 Remembrance softly said.

IV.

And then unto the Shadow,
 We give the love of yore ;
 We fondly greet Remembrance
 Of beings, seen no more.

ON A GROUP OF HEARTS-EASE,
 SHELLON'S LANE, FOLKESTONE.

I.

SWEETEST Flowers and spirit friends,
 How your joyous beauty lends
 Fragrance to the humble lane—
 Hearts-Ease is your simple name.

II.

Those who are but passers by,
Draw in silence gently nigh ;
Such the spell your winning grace,
Has e'en in a shady place.

III.

Do those dwelling where ye stand,
Who have planted with quick hand
Those bright flowers and slender Leaves—
Do they feel the joy you breathe ?

IV.

Yes ! sweet Flowers your voices tell—
Though unknown, they love you well,
And you have a Poet-song,
Though you to the town belong.

SUNSET THOUGHTS,
(WRITTEN ABROAD).

I.

THE sweetest calm has fallen
On the brightest tints of day ;
But their brilliance and their joy
Are not yet passed away.

II.

A glorious light is lying
On the Mountains and the Sea ;
Where soon, the quiet evening,
The day's soft shade will be.

III.

There come not with its beauty,
The regrets of calm twilight ;
More hopeful is the feeling,
In approach of Southern night.

IV.

The mind and heart are resting,
Rejoicing in its glory ;
And Memory tells not
Her sad and mournful story.

A SOUTHERN WINTER.

I.

WHAT is Winter in the Southern Land,
Winter, which comes with a chilling hand—
Of Ice and Snow, detested guests,
Where the Northern Needle rests ;
But who only covers the Flowers
Just a while, in Southern Bowers.

II.

One day throwing a mantle of snow
 Over the distant Mountains glow ;
 The next revealing summer light,
 Where landscape and sky alike are bright,
 Scattering sometimes grand storm cloud—
 Which scarcely may blue sky enshroud.

III.

Sometimes it seems as if Spring would pass,
 And leave her Flow'rets among the grass,
 Showing her sweetness in wintry days,
 Making us sing her joyous praise ;
 Thus interrupted Winter's reign,
 In Southern valley and blooming plain.

IV.

And the trees, the varied trees,
 Even in winter brightly please,
 With their fruits of gold and lovely hue,
 Their depth of green and softness too—
 Few are the leaves which withering lie
 'Neath a blue and Southern cloudless sky.

v.

Even the Sea, the varying Sea
 Hath a touch of revelry ;
 In the storms which bring the soft white foam,
 There is but little of Wintry moan ;
 And the richest of colour shines in the wave,
 While the storm in passing, fresh beauty gave.

THINK OF ME !

TASSO'S ADIEU TO LEONORA.

I.

THINK of me, when Sunset's splendours
 Light the Western range of hills ;
 Think of Me, amid their beauty—
 For thus so my Spirit wills.

II.

Think of Me 'mid Mountain glories,
Lonely, Thoughtful, Sad ;
Let my Memory o'er thee come—
Memory of the Love I had.

III.

Think of Me in evening hours
When the light is growing faint,
Then amid the deepening shadows,
Fondly yet my Picture paint.

IV.

Think of Me, if Joy's bright Lamp
Cast its radiance o'er thy day ;
Or if ever form of sorrow
Pass between thee and its ray.

V.

Think of Me if ever passing
Homes upon a Winter's Eve,
When the light shows thro' the windows,
For an absent one then grieve.

VI.

Think of Me, when Music's sweetness
 Falleth on thy listening ear,
 'Neath the shadow of its presence
 That lost voice thou'lt softly hear.

VII.

Think of Me, when brilliant sunbeams
 Fall upon the Summer grass,
 Not less so, when colder shadows
 Of the Autumn sadly o'er it pass.

VIII.

Think of Me, in quiet hours,
 Let my Memory o'er thee rise,
 Like the Moon's soft tremulous beauty
 In the cloudless Summer skies.

IX.

Think of Me, 'mid pomp and pageant,
 I shall live in gloom and sorrow;
 But the sweetness of my memory,
 From the past will brightness borrow

X.

Think of Me, as days are passing—
 Mine will be a time untold,
 Save by opening and shutting
 Of the doors which prisoners hold.

XI.

Think of Me, when gazing sadly
 O'er the still and boundless sea,
 I shall come amid the distance—
 Come in silence back to thee.

ON SEEING THE ORANGES LYING
 UNDER THE TREES,
 IN THE GULF OF JUAN CANNES.

I.

GOLDEN Oranges, like a vision lying,
 Bright and gay as surrounding things,
 Deep the richness a southern clime,
 To their glad fruit sweetly brings.

II.

Not like the Apples of childish days
Scattered around the English Farm ;
Oranges in their brilliant glory
Have ever a spirit-charm.

III.

For they paint the joy, the brightness,
Lying round the sunny shore,
Where the green, the verdant grove,
Does display its glittering store.

IV.

Almost careless in her loveliness
Is sweet Nature in this land,
There the waves of a sunshine Sea
Gently embrace a Southern strand.

V.

There bright tints, surpassing colours,
And a sunlight brightening ever,
Make of Time one Summer day,
Whose beauty passes never.

VI.

Oranges, their name enfolds
 Southern sweetness, brilliant bowers,
 Think of their gem-like radiant beauty,
 When ye look on Orange Flowers.

THE GOLDEN CUPS' MEMORIES.

I.

A REMEMBRANCE came 'across me—
 Of a bright and clear Spring day,
 When the woods of my own Country,
 With wild flowers were gay.

II.

Anemones were holding
 Companionship most sweet,
 With groups of wild primroses,
 Lying nestled at my feet.

III.

Strong oaks were showing buds,
And ashes light Spring-green ;
In the woods a joyous sunshine,
A gaiety was seen.

IV.

The quiet smoke was rising
From homes beneath the hill,
And the clear and sparkling stream
Ran beneath the Village Mill.

V.

There were gay sounds in the air,
Blithe signs of work and play,
And a stirring of sweet nature,
On an English, bright, Spring-day.

VI.

A spire and church appeared
Above the hamlet showing,
The Sun upon the vane
With sunny brightness glowing.

VII.

What was it brought before me
This scene of my own land ;
And why did I in spirit
Amid this woodland stand.

VIII.

Some golden cups were shining
Beneath a Southern Sky,
My heart felt their sweet influence
'Twas Memory's reply.

CITY STREETS ON SUMMER DAYS.

I.

SILENT Streets and quiet footsteps,
Each as echo, sounding clear,
Children playing on the pavement,
Where the shadows do appear.

II.

Dusty carts and tired horses,
Wearied men and passing boys,
All the dreary warmth of Town
Without life, or cheerful noise.

III.

Atmosphere of glaring light;
Trees of unrefreshing green;
But perchance a glimpse of roses,
In a City Garden seen.

IV.

Strangers in the passers by,
Idle shopmen at the doors,
And a closing up of windows
On the upper lodging floors.

V.

Country sights are coming through—
Hay-carts fresh from clover fields;
And the perfume of the Summer,
Their passing presence yields.

VI.

Evening, sweetest Summer Evening,
May be passed 'mid garden trees ;
But the stroller in the City,
Feeleth not the Summer's breeze.

VII.

Stray Musicians standing play,
While a childish crowd arises,
All the greater houses closed,
No one now their music prizes.

VIII.

When the dried leaves fall in showers,
And the colder winds are blowing,
Then the City's Summer passed,
Town its cheerful life is showing.

ANEMONES.

I.

BRILLIANT Flowers of a brilliant clime;
Joyous things of a gay spring-time ;
Changing in beauty, varying in shade,
In each passing field, each olive glade.

II.

Sometimes simple and fragile showing,
Otherwise joyous, in colour glowing,
Making a flowery road-side hedge,
Beautiful coming Summer's pledge.

III.

Growing as if in garden bed,
Closely standing each beauteous head,
Forming a dazzling scarlet treasure,
Beautiful Flowers, a Spring-time's pleasure:

IV.

Growing alike, where Poet's love,
Nestling far in olive grove ;
Where the fairy shadow's lie,
And butterfly-forms flit gaily by.

V.

Childish hands will gather far,
Over the fields where Anemones are ;
Many a smiling childish face
Knows the Anemones woodland place.

VI.

Gay is the company of insects and flowers,
Brightening sweetly sunny spring hours ;
Foremost in colour, lovely in hue,
Brilliant Anemones, praise is your due.

THE HEART'S LONGING.

I.

HAVE you seen a Prisoner,
Gazing through the bars
Of his grated window,
At the bright Eternal Stars.
Such is the Heart's Longing.

II.

HAVE you seen one waiting
For a Postman's knock—
How the sad lips tremble,
Fearing a life-shock.
Such is the Heart's Longing.

III.

HAVE you seen a bird
Beating, fluttering always
Against some gilded cage—
For deliverance he prays.
Such is the Heart's Longing.

IV.

Have you seen tears starting
 In silence to the eye;
 Have you marked your question,
 Yet rest without reply.
 Memory is the Heart's Longing,

V.

Have you seen one dreaming,
 With sadness on his brow—
 'Tis the exiled spirit
 Which visits Home ere now.
 Such is the Heart's Longing.

THE LITTLE CHURCHYARD
 NEAR THE SEA,—A FACT.

I.

THE sun is shining on the Tower,
 The waves are breaking on the sands
 Below the quiet grassy ground,
 Where the Little Churchyard stands.

II.

It is a still and quiet place,
Though much of life is there ;
Its passed sad tales of woe and strife
Lie hushed beneath that home of Prayer.

III.

Within the sight of that old Tower,
So does the Head-stone sadly tell,
Two youthful lives have passed away,
And lie below the cold sea swell.

IV.

A crowd upon a Winter's night
Stood looking o'er the gloomy sea ;
And the guns of a sinking ship
Came fearfully, ah, fearfully.

V.

They never saw the Ship go down,
But the guns soon ceased their sound ;
And thus the little Head-stone found
Its place in the Churchyard ground.

THE SHADOW OF A SMILE.

I.

THE shadow of a smile yet lingered,
Its light shone in the eyes ;
But the radiance faded sadly,
Grew dim like twilight skies.

II.

For the shadow of a smile is sadder
Than even heaviest tears ;
Following closely in its path,
Dark Sorrow's form appears.

III.

The shadow of a smile proclaimeth
That hope is passed away ;
'Tis as if the heart now feareth
The thought it could be gay.

IV.

For the shadow of a smile is chilling,
Its light is mournful, sad ;
And the only tale it telleth
Is the bitter tears we've had.

THE VILLAGE SHOP AND POST.

THE SHOP.

I.

A VILLAGE Street with windows small,
And flowers and pretty green ;
The shoots are come from yonder Hall,
Beyond the Village seen.

II.

The Houses they are much the same,
Except for flowers or size,
Though one at least it has a name,
They in the Village prize—

III.

It is the Village Shop, the Post—
Its store of varied ware
Is in the Cottage-world a boast
To housewives eager care.

IV.

And 'tis also the one grand spot
For Village trade or chat,
For everything that one has not,
From tea, to Beaver hat.

V.

The time the Village Shop to see
Is on a Saturday,
For then the Cottagers are free—
Have leisure to be gay.

VI.

They gather round the door to look
Upon the stir within,
And some will venture to the Shop,
The earnings of a week they bring.

VII.

Some ribbons for the Sunday cap,
A pair of shoes for John,
What little things mayhap,
For such the buyers come.

VIII.

But in the day the passers by
Will stop to look awhile,
At perhaps a Kerchief that may lie
With beauty to beguile.

IX.

And when the Sun is shining clear,
How bright the China Figures stand,
How ornamental they appear—
A gay and freshly-coloured band.

X.

And thro' the windows children gaze
On sugar-plums and toys,
And all the Village Shop displays
To longing girls and boys.

THE POST.

XI.

The Shop perhaps has most of power
At Post, or Letter-time,
For when the clock has struck that hour,
The interest is sublime.

XII.

The bag, that will be called for first,
Has letters for the Hall,
And with it there is one for Hurst,
Who for the bag will call.

XIII.

The Postman stands there waiting now,
To take the letters round,
Both to the Farm upon the brow,
And where the Parsonage is found.

XIV.

And many pass upon their way
Towards the Post, to ask
“If there’s a letter come to day”—
Dame has a lengthened task.

XV.

“My son, who went away last year,
Had promised soon to write,
Oh, I have known heart-breaking fear;
The name is Widow White.”

XVI.

Her dress is neatly kept, and clean,
But poor and faded still;
Her little earnings she does mean
To put by for her Will.

XVII.

No letter is there lying by,
Her tears are falling fast,
And with a bitter sob and sigh,
The widow 's onward past.

XVIII.

A beating heart and youthful face,
Come quickly forward now,
A fair young girl will take her place
With crimson cheek and brow.

XIX.

A letter with her name appears,
 'Tis from the neighbouring town,
The tidings they dispel all fears—
 He'll come to fetch her down.

XX.

The Post is almost empty now,
 But still a packet lies ;
The dame she knits her wrinkled brow—
 The packet is a prize.

XXI.

The Newspaper is taken down,
 And she almost would spy,
To see the news from yonder town,
 To know the reason why,

XXII.

Of many things and what is said
 By folk about the trade ;
The dame can only shake her head,
 A strong resolve she 's made.

XXIII.

The oracle of Village lore,
The Master, lives up stairs,
And to him with the Paper's store,
The dame in haste repairs.

XXIV.

The Post is shut, its tale is told,
The Shop is ever seen,
With varied things that oft are sold,
Close by the Village Green.

NIGHT LIGHTS.

A RAIL-ROAD FRAGMENT.

I.

PASSING swiftly in the darkness
Unseen, the landscape round,
A silent unknown vista
Ever onward 's found.

II.

But some feeling, sweet, familiar,
Will rise unto the mind,
When in the grey, cold darkness, .
The distant Night Lights wind.

III.

Then come the peaceful lights
Of some Town, which brightly gleams;
A haven to our fancy
This thought of home now seems.

IV.

But ancient times steal softly
Around us in the night,
When the old Martello town
Shines out in distant light.

V.

The War-horse and the Knight,
The scenes of days gone by,
The pride of pageant Chivalry—
How clear in thought they lie.

VI.

But as we gaze they pass,
And there only rests the light
In the old Martello Tower,
From its lonely sea-ward height.

“FELL UPON THE ROSES.”

I.

I SAW the Sunlight long ago,
As it fell upon the Roses ;
But Time in haste with chilling touch,
Sweet memory's garden closes.

II.

“Fell upon the Roses,”
Ah, long ago that time,
When I stood by the bright Rose Tree,
Which our old wall would climb.

III.

There are little golden lights
Between the boughs and leaves,
And soft and joyous feelings,
Which still air gently breathes.

IV.

By the dropping fast of hopes,
In softened memory's tears ;
Count the Falling of the Roses,
In long passing years.

V.

Few the records which I hold,
Of my pleasure passed away ;
But my heart in idle hours,
O'er those relics yet will stray,

Part III.

P O E M.S
FORMERLY PUBLISHED AS
DAY DREAMS.

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THE SPIRIT OF MORN.

I.

PURE and bright it cometh,
Over the dewy hills ;
And its great unearthly beauty,
The spirit ever fills.

II.

Out of the shadowy night,
Falling gladly down,
The softening veil of light,
O'er hill and nestling town.

III.

Sadness borne in beauty,
From the joyous morn,
Falls upon the weary,
The sad and sorrow-worn.

IV.

Flowing sweetly, slowly,
The stream of by-gone time ;
All the bitter memories
Of early sorrow's rime.

V.

Voices clearly heard,
When hushed sweet Nature's throng,
Coming o'er the spirit,
Murmuring mournful song.

VI.

Fade they then in distance
Their echoes grow more dim,
As life and its gay sounds
Come trooping gladly in.

VII.

The song of birds awaking,
The many pattering feet,
And the roll of busy wheels,
Along the distant street.

VIII.

City clocks are striking
The early morning hour ;
And in village fields,
Opens the daisy's flower.

IX.

Thus sweet morning twilight
Heralds in the day ;
Day, whose cares and pleasures
Come and fleet away.

PENSEES.

I.

FLOATING with the breeze,
Dancing 'mid the trees,
View the joyous throng,
Passing swiftly on ;
Flowers, bright flowers,
Welcome ye with song.

II.

Flashing in the sunlight,
Silver in the moonlight,
Silent onward going,
Soft reflections showing ;
 Brook, bright brook,
Whither flowing ?

III.

Softly waving trees,
In the gentle breeze ;
Many tinted bloom,
Bright as summer noon ;
 Trees, bright trees,
Winter comes too soon.

IV.

Memory's wealth,
Hope's sweet self,
Swiftly, sadly flying,
Rose-leaves dying ;
 Hours, bright hours,
Softly sighing.

V.

Pictures ever passing,
 Shadows backward casting ;
 Mingled joy and pain
 Hopes sweet as vain ;
 Days, bright days,
 Come ye ne'er again.

VI.

Cottage homes enfolding,
 In its mantle cold ;
 Leafless tree's white bloom,
 Shines in wintry gloom ;
 Snow, white snow,
 Melts away so soon.

VII.

Deepest, richest bloom,
 Gorgeous, brilliant noon,
 Cloudless sun's bright rays,
 Ever lengthening days ;
 Summer, glorious summer,
 Such the poet's praise.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.*

I.

THERE'S a quiet churchyard lying
Under a calm hill side,
And swallows round it flying,
Above their small nests hide.

II.

The bell in holy tones,
Rings on a Sabbath day ;
Above sweet cottage homes,
In the balmy air of May.

III.

A shade of sadness falleth
Upon those simple hearts ;
The voice of grief yet calleth,
And life's sunshine hence departs.

* A Fact.

IV.

For there our little Mary
Lies buried underneath ;
And they gather snowdrops early
To make her grave a wreath.

V.

She lies in holy rest,
That joyous village child ;
By her Saviour's love blest,
In his grace good and mild.

VI.

There's another grave where flowers
Bloom in rich and bright array,
As if Love were ever seeking
To drive its gloom away.

VII.

And there one watches ever
By that green and flowery grave,
For no death her heart can sever,
From the loved, the lost, the brave:

VIII.

She is always sadly gazing
On scenes long past from sight ;
But of brightness so amazing,
That the present's one dark night.

IX.

Before her eyes is ever
That face by memory seen,
As if death never, never,
Had put a veil between.

X.

In laughing joyous summer
She rests not but to weep ;
So when the sad winds murmur,
And the snows of winter sleep,

XI.

She lives but in dead glory,
Her mind is a blank page ;
Save for her own sad story,
From youth to calmer age.

XII.

The light of mind is gone
From those once beaming eyes ;
But in her spirit's home,
The light of love yet lies.

XIII.

Thus in her fevered brain
Bright hope is quickly wrought ;
And above her deep sad pain
Comes a flash of sudden thought.

XIV.

And then with softened madness,
Within her lonely home,
With love's sweet tearful gladness,
She sings in joyous tone.

XV.

She remembers once he said,
He loved those deep blue eyes ;
To her he is not dead,
And her beauty yet may prize.

XVI.

Therefore with thoughtful care,
To meet his glad return,
Her pink silk she will wear,
And Hope's wheel lightly turn.

XVII.

Thus ever sadly passing
From hope to deep despair,
Her madness chill dread casting,
Or fancies light as air.

XVIII.

A lonely wreck of grief,
Borne on advancing years,
Her heart finds yet relief
As the vale of death it nears,

XIX.

And hasting homeward swiftly,
Thro' a dark and shadowy road,
In Heaven the lost one finding,
And her heart at rest with God.

MEMORY'S WISHES.

I.

I WOULD I were a child again,
And heard the whispered song,
Of Trees, and Flowers around,
A joyous lovely throng
While dancing in my careless glee,
Oh childish days come back to me.

II.

I would the brilliant laugh were mine
The tear chased by a smile;
And the heart by care unbroken,
Yet full of love the while;
Oh childish friends come back to me,
Faces that in thought I see.

III.

I would I had the dreamings,
The golden web of youth;
Where sorrow's darker thread,
Scarce mingles with the woof;

Oh fairy tales come back to me,
 Airy visions, whither flee?

IV.

I would that life's clear sunshine
 Shone as in childish days,
 And that my steps fell lightly
 Along life's onward ways;
 Their brightness time will not restore,
 Ah! childhood's gladness comes no more.

CITY CHURCHES.

I.

THERE'S a look of care
 In the large grey town,
 A weary struggling life,
 And phantoms of want
 And woe kept down,
 Are ever daily rife.

II.

The air of the town is heavy
 With smoke and rime and dust ;
 And the once-bright iron gates
 Of its Hall are dim with rust.
 But there's green grass in the Churchyard,
 Where the town children play ;
 And amid its daisied graves
 They make the sad air gay.

III.

Oh ! the solemn towers and spires
 Of the City Churches stand,
 Like pauses amid the life
 Of the homes on either hand.
 Silent, shadowy forms,
 Made softer by grey time ;
 But monuments aye resting,
 Of the city in its prime.

IV.

The sun has broken thro' the mist
 Of the quiet City streets ;
 And the town in gladder aspect,
 A summer Sabbath greets.

Coming thro' the silence,
 Early morning bells,
 Each in some dark alley,
 Religion's gladness tells.

v.

And then within the Churches,
 Whose towers look proudly high,
 Upon whose brilliant summits,
 The fiery lightnings lie,
 Come some from small, poor homes,
 Whose only wealth is love,
 To worship 'neath their grandeur,
 The blessed Lord above.

vi.

The City's Sabbath bell,
 Has a harmony of feeling,
 A union of the Spirit,
 In its holy peal revealing ;
 But when the common sorrows,
 The common joys, and pain,
 Are rung by City Churches,
 Again and yet again,

'Tis a little-heeded sound,
 A merely passing thought,
 Is given to the sympathies,
 Which by City bells are brought.

VII.

And 'mid the stir of trade,
 Where hearts are little worth;
 Where the golden coins forbid
 Joyous, sparkling mirth;
 Ah! there grief's solemn pain
 Is quickly thrown aside,
 To snatch the glittering stores
 Which for ever by them glide.

VIII.

There's a mournful voice in Churches,
 From lives which are gone by,
 Of joys and sorrows telling,
 That alike in silence lie:
 And those whose names we knew not,
 Yet gain themselves a place,
 By those simple records resting,
 Their life's lone outward trace.

IX.

But other thoughts come swiftly,
 When standing 'neath those domes,
 The eye in upward flight,
 To their lofty pillars roams;
 Thoughts of a brighter glory,
 A love beyond all time,
 And a heaven which is our Saviour's,
 And thus thro' Him is thine.

THE FAIRY PEARL.

I.

RINGING faintly, sadly,
 In the dim and dreamy past;
 Ringing sweetly, slowly,
 With beauty that ever lasts;
 "Memory's bells;"
 Fairy bells, fairy bells!

II.

Ringing o'er the present,
 With a golden sound ;
 Ringing in glad brightness,
 Joy's gay bells are found ;
 " Joy's bells ;"
 Fairy bells, fairy bells !

III.

Ringing o'er the future
 With softened silver peal ;
 Ringing in distant sweetness,
 What melody they reveal ;
 " Hope's bells ;"
 Fairy bells, fairy bells !

 SHADOWS.

I.

THE elm tree's soft dim shadow
 Is falling on the grass :
 And on the sun-lit meadow
 Fairy reflections pass.

II.

Under its green and leafy shade
Is the haunt of joyous youth,
And children's voices a chorus make,
As they deem joy's visions truth,

III.

The clouds in their airy flight
Leave on banks and sunny braes
Forms in themselves as light
On the long, glad summer days.

IV.

A softened radiance lying
Upon the waveless deep,
O'er which light clouds are flying,
And on it shadows sleep.

V.

Bright light and soften'd shadow
. Fall alike on land and sea ;—
On the daisy-covered meadow,
And from the greenwood tree.

VI.

Dark shadows fall from the grand old pines,
 'Mid the mossy woodland glade ;
But thro' their branches the sunlight shines—
 How beautiful the forest shade.

VII.

Companions of our youthful hours,
 How oft in joy's bright day,
Amidst Hope's sweet and radiant flowers,
 We have dreamed our life away.

VIII.

Shadows fall beneath dead glory,
 In the old Cathedral pile,
And repeat the Hero's story
 In the dimly-lighted aisle.

IX.

The fire-light dances on the wall,
 By the joyous Christmas hearth,—
And its soft, bright shadows fall
 On faces of eager mirth.

X.

Yet even then will Memory show—
 To those glad and youthful hearts—
 A pictured face in the fires bright glow,
 Before which joy's self departs.

XI.

The old companion of childish hours
 Comes back with wonted grace;
 And her playmates, seated 'mid winter flowers,
 Look sadly towards the loved one's place.

XII.

Thus in life's sunny hours
 A shadow often passes;
 Its trace scarce hides the flowers,
 But 'tis one of Memory's glasses.

XIII.

There is a darker shadow
 Which must enfold us all;
 But beyond its deepest gloom
 Does the light of glory fall.

THE BLIND GIRL.

I.

SWEET, but mournful face,
High, and thoughtful brow,
Form of drooping grace,
Ah! I see thee now.

II.

Something touched with woe,
Tho' a child in years;
Sightless orbs must know
Ever bitter tears.

III.

Deeply mournful sight,—
Those open wishful eyes;
Gazing into light,
Darkness still replies.

IV.

Beauteous trees and flowers,
 Glorious Sun on high ;
 Ah ! the summer hours !—
 Such the blind girl's sigh.

V.

Seen but in the heart,
 Pictur'd to the mind ;
 Face of love apart
 For the child is blind.

 SORROWFUL MEMORIES.

I.

THERE are days of deepest sorrow
 When the heart owns no to-morrow,
 Save of lasting grief and pain—
 Will it ever smile again ?

II.

Ever feel sweet summer gladness,
 As in long-past happy days;
 Know aught save wintry sadness,
 And tired thoughts' darksome maze?

III.

Ever have that deepest trust
 Which its early freshness knew;
 Now its fondest hopes are crushed,
 And its love proves all untrue.

IV.

Once, in the glad time of youth,
 Bright imagination's power,
 Lent awhile its fairy truth
 To tint the gaily passing hour.

V.

Now a snowy coldness lies
 O'er the bright and sunny past;
 But our once-glad fancy flies
 To the dream that would not last.

COTTAGE HOMES.

I.

THE heavy shade of weighty elms
Leaves sunlight in yonder space,
Where a cottage, a home of happy hearts,
Has found a peaceful place.
The lark in a wicker cage is singing,
Where the open lattice shows,
And the Sun a brighter sweetness giving
To the softest petals of the rose.

II.

There are pinks in the little garden,
And flowers from foreign clime,
To whose rare and varied beauty
The gardener gives his time ;
And the home of the village priest
Is decked with their fairest bloom,
Which the gardener's daughter gathers
When it is summer noon.

III.

How bleak is the open common,
 How bare the dusty heath,
 Where the coal-mine's weary grandeur,
 Holds solemn place beneath :
 Yet *there* is a Cottage Home,
 A hut whose poor sad name,
 As a miner's dreary dwelling,
 Does to passers-by remain.

IV.

The life in the mournful common
 Has little in toil of light ;
 Save when, of a lonely evening,
 The cottage fires are bright :
 And to those rugged men,
 With faces of coal-dust hue,
 Their quiet barren homes
 Are ever fondly new.

V.

The hall and its shady woods
 From the common faintly show ;
 And the green trees' varied tops,
 In the summer-sunset glow.

And amid the varied toil
 Of his gentle unstirred life,
 Resting in his simple joys,
 Pure his heart from much of strife.

XI.

There's quiet on the sea beach
 This shining summer day,
 Where scarce a sound is heard,
 Save the fisher's child at play :
 And the nets lie drying there
 Or mended by busy hands,
 While the fisher's merry wife
 In her open doorway stands.

XII.

But bitter is the watching
 When the days grow cold and chill,
 And the steps of eager winter
 Leave ice upon the rill :
 Then anxious eyes scarce see,
 Amid the gathering storm,
 The fisher's laden boat,
 Which left at silent morn.

XIII.

Heavy smoke hangs o'er the town,
But yet bright lights are seen
From the cottage, standing someway out
Just where the fields are green :
And the bells of the city sound by day ;
Its life is mingled there
With the quiet of a cottage home,
And the country's summer air.

XIV.

In the streets of the busy city,
Amid the sights and sound
In which its crowded haunts
Its ways of toil abound ;
The inmates of the cottage
Pass many weary hours
Away from all sweet bloom,
Yet gathering silver flowers.

OCEAN'S VOICES.

I.

THE spirit voices of the deep
Ring echoes in my lonely heart,
And busy murmurs keep,
To which resound of life a part,
The shades of hopes and fears,
The mournful throng of blighted years.

II.

The battle scene of strife
How it brings along the mind,
The weary, weary way of life
With its mocking crowd behind ;
Of hopes that never reached the shore,
White breakers sunk for evermore.

III.

I love to gaze on ocean wild
In all its mighty glory,

To drink in its sympathy mild
 Telling a deep mysterious story ;
 Passing ever, resting never,
 On and away, aye, ever, ever.

IV.

My spirit owns the happy sense
 Of unseen mysterious power,
 Which speaks in loud accents hence,
 Rest not in the dark and midnight hour ;
 But gather the mute revealings
 Of a world beyond concealings.

V.

Vast infinite it brings to the mind
 In all its unsearchable depths ;
 Holy whispers come from the wind
 As it sweeps along the clefts ;
 And the viewless distance stretching far
 Shows out in rich glory Eternity's Star.

SISTERLY LOVE.*

I.

COLD snow's white mantle
Lay upon the ground ;
On that bleak winter's morn
All was gloom around.

II.

Life, its busy workers,
Passed along their way ;
Death, its cold dark shadow,
In sad quiet lay.

III.

Two dead children rest
On the soft white snow ;
Round them dried leaves play,
O'er them cold winds blow.

* Founded on Fact.

IV.

Pitying strangers found the sisters
In the wintry sad twilight;
Found the mournful childish forms
Killed by bitter blast that night.

V.

They had wandered far,
Lonely, sad, afraid,
And within the wood
From their path had strayed.

VI.

Thro' the long dark night,
While the snow-flakes fell,
Shelterless from cold,
In the silent dell.

VII.

Marion watched the rabbits
Bounding lightly by;
Laughed to see red berries
On the white snow lie.

VIII.

But upon that baby face
 Soon sorrow's shadow fell,
And in Ellen's heart
 Dread fear rang its knell.

IX.

None may know the horror,
 The blank and sad despair,
As the darkness closed
 Round the helpless pair.

X.

Power of love surpassing
 Rose in the lone child,
Warmed her icy fingers,
 Made her fear less wild.

XI.

Therefore, to shield the tiny form
 Was Ellen's simple care ;
Her own poor garments must enfold
 The babe so loved and fair.

XII.

One little hand was fondly placed
Close to the loving heart;
Death found the two fair sisters thus—
God's messenger—His dart.

EVENING BREEZE.

I.

It is rising softly now
Upon its silver wings,
From an unseen home below,
Above material things.

II.

And sweetly, sadly sighing
'Mid joyous summer trees,
Now are the wild notes dying
Of evening's plaintive breeze.

III.

It bears the scents of flowers
 In its distant viewless flight,
 And the thoughts of vanished hours
 As brilliant and as bright.

IV.

Day's joyous self has fled,
 But its shadow resteth still
 In the summer's evening breeze
 As it plays around the hill.

 CITY CHIMES.

I.

THE bells ring out in chimes
 Above the city streets;
 And as their peal floats on,
 A listening ear it meets.

II.

There is a tiny dwelling,
Shut in from all sweet sound ;
But in its darksome room
Is their soft echo found.

III.

Close by the narrow window
A small white couch is laid,
Thereon a little form
For ever sadly staid.

IV.

It had the sweetest face,
That mournful childish one ;
But in those deep blue eyes,
No radiant smile e'er shone,—

V.

Save when at noon's bright hour
The church bell's chime was heard,
A low soft cry broke forth,
As from imprisoned bird.

VI.

They were his only friends,
His only childish joys ;
And as their glad sound ends,
Long grief their spell destroys.

VII.

The whispered eager question,—
“ Will the bells ring where I’m going ? ”
Came from those childish lips—
Of the future little knowing :

VIII.

Save that a Saviour’s love
Would guide beyond the sky,
To the glorious heavenly homes
Which in brightness ever lie.

IX.

They seemed to make less strange
The way to yonder land ;
They had rung for baby sister,
And a sweet infant band.

X.

The chimes bore distant message
 From dear ones gone before,
 Who waited to receive him
 Within the golden door.

XI.

They rang as he passed away,
 And with their smile still resting
 Upon those pale cold lips,
 He reached Eternal day.

 THE POET'S FLOWER.*

I.

BEFORE the rising Sun
 Had lighted hill and vale,
 And when the gentle moonbeams
 Yet shed their light so pale,

haucer was accustomed to go into the fields, morning and
 ng, to watch the opening and closing of the daisy flower.

II.

A Poet o'er the meadow
Went forth with happy mien ;
And lightly fell his step
Upon that flowery green.

III.

Just as he reached the stile
A light came o'er the sky,
And in its brighter beauty
The softer star-lights die.

IV.

But ah ! the sunny radiance,
The glory far and wide,
The Poet did not love
Like the flow'ret at its side.

V.

The daisy in its bloom
Looked up at early morn,
A simple, tender sweetness,
For ever by it worn.



VI.

The Poet learnt a lesson
In the opening humble flower,
A freshness from it fell
Upon the day's glad hour.

VII.

The hush of Evening's sweetness
Fell softly on the green,
When again with quiet step
Was the thoughtful Poet seen.

VIII.

Peaceful lay the golden halo,
And it faded soft away,
From the distant village sounding
Echoes of departing day.

IX.

In its glowing pink enfolded
Was the daisy on the green,
While upon the soft grass lying,
Night's sweet dew between.

X.

Care had cast a suddening haze
O'er the Poet's passing day ;
But when viewing that sweet flower,
Patience in it lay.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

I.

THERE is a narrow courtyard
In a close city street,
And coming down its alley
A little girl you meet.

II.

Her soft fair hair is combed
From off her shining cheeks,
And when you ask her name
How prettily she speaks.

III.

It is Jane Ash whose flowers
Are sold each market-day ;
She tends them all the summer—
In winter they pass away.

IV.

She's going a long way now,
To where the market stands,
And where the old stone cross
Outstretches its cold hands.

V.

The town-clock is a wonder
To that simple childish mind ;
To think it a kind of magic
She's almost half inclined.

VI.

For in that old dark house
Where mother sadly sits,
And where her idiot sister
In quiet ever knits,

XV.

The Widow's table spread
With fowls, fresh eggs, and fruit,
Offers a rare temptation
To any it may suit.

XVI.

Jane's little store arranged,
Her posies placed all round,
With the ample basket,
Her stool is quickly found.

XVII.

Thus sitting side by side,
Sweet youth and age are seen ;
The woman onward passing—
The child of thoughtful mien,

XVIII.

A childish voice imploring,—
“ My flowers, ma'am, will you buy ?”
Has emptied Jane's full basket,
And pence instead there lie.

PART II.

I.

SHE passes thro' the square
 Upon her homeward way,
And puts her basket down
 To hear the organ play.

II.

The figures move in time
 To the music's dancing sound ;
And a grinning monkey's seated
 Below, upon the ground.

III.

The organ onward passes,
 The monkey jumps away,
And Jane, her basket taking,
 Will there no longer stay.

IV.

She sees a green encircled
 By houses grand and tall;
 Jane scarcely marks their grandeur,
 But looks at yonder wall.

V.

For there flowers quite forgotten
 By those who live within;
 Show their unnoticed beauty,
 And thoughts of country bring.

* * * * *

VI.

'Tis now just seven o'clock,
 And foggy, dark, and cold;
 The lamps are yet scarce lighted
 In those dim streets of old.

VII.

When turning round a corner
 A blaze of sudden light
 Bursts in its varied beauty
 On little Jane's glad sight.

VIII.

It was a row of shops
 Which, lighted from within,
 Before the passer by
 Their tempting wares would bring.

IX.

I think that worsted cloak
 For mother would be nice ;
 Perhaps the ticket says
 How much would be the price.

X.

Then thinking how few pence
 Her mother has put by,
 Jane passes on her way
 With many a bitter sigh.

* * * * *

XI.

A drum is heard advancing
 Thro' the lighted street ;
 And echoing on the pavement
 The sound of many feet.

XII.

'Tis Punch and Judy's show
Which comes with merry noise,
And followed by a crowd
Of little girls and boys.

XIII.

Jane stands in great delight
To see Punch and his wife,
But feels indeed distressed
At their sharp later strife.

XIV.

Around the dog's neck
A collar's lightly tied,
Who gladly lifts a paw
To assist Punch's bride.

XV.

Jane's eager wish rose
To see Punch again,
So taking twopence
She greets the showman.



XVI.

“ Please, sir, would Mr. Punch
 Just this once be so kind
 As to come out again?
 Please, sir, I should’nt mind

XVII.

“ Parting with my *twopence*
 Though mother did say
 ’Twould buy a storybook
 Just over the way.”

XVIII.

Then follow down this lane,
 The laughing showman said,
 And thus to disobedience
 The flowery path he led.

PART III.

I.

IN weariness she's passing
Thro' the dingy streets,
Shuddering at each person
Who on her way she meets.

II.

Sometimes on cold stones,
Sitting down at rest;
But by one moment's sleep
The wanderer's never blest.

III.

Oh! what will mother think
When past is eight o'clock,
And she as usual listens
For little Jane's light knock?

IV.

I wish I had not followed
 That pretty show to-night;
 How wicked 'tis to cause
 Dear mother such a fright.

V.

I wish the stars would shine
 More brightly in the sky;
 I see them when at home
 In my little bed I lie.

VI.

Little Jane is sadly sitting
 Just by a well-closed door,
 Her tears dried on her cheeks,
 For she can weep no more.

VII.

"Have you lost your home my child?
 Perhaps I know the way,"
 So said the town policeman
 As gentle as he may.

VIII.

“ If you please, sir, mother lives
Close by the Golden Horn ;
Oh ! could you show the way ?
I left her yester’ morn.

IX.

A little more discourse,
Then, leading Jane away,
They homeward turn their steps
While it is early day.

PART IV.

I.

IN a lattice window burning
A watcher's glimmering light,
It shines a lonely star
In a dark and dreary night.

II.

'Tis a mother's heart which listens
For each returning sound ;
A mother who watches sadly
Until her child is found.

III.

The candle casts long shadows
Upon the sanded floor ;
But scarcely lights a bed
Within the little door.

IV.

There the idiot child is sleeping,
 Unconscious of all care ;
 Oh ! has not sense a home
 In a form so sweetly fair.

V.

No ; the eyes are never lighted
 By the mind which is within ;
 Before that stricken one
 No thought does pictures bring.

VI.

A small white cloth is laid
 With very frugal fare ;
 'Twas little Janie's supper,
 And still it waited there.

VII.

A large old Bible open
 Shewed that the widow's heart,
 Amid her woes was resting
 On Christ the better part.

VIII.

Her work lies now untouched,
She sits in listless pain,
And scarcely hears the dropping
Of heavy autumn rain.

IX.

Then she once more draws the curtain,
And looks out on the night;
The clouds are now just tinged
With faintly coming light.

X.

Two voices sound below,
One is a little girl's ;
Ah ! whose those childish words
The mother's heart tells.

XI.

Going swiftly down stairs,
A lamp in her glad hands,
The door is soon unbarred,
Before her *Jane* stands.

XII.

Her little shawl is torn,
Her fair hair's damp with rain,
Faint, cold, and weary,
Jane finds her home again.

XIII.

"Dear mother, pray forgive,"
Said the little pleading voice;
She clasps her to her heart
And can only now rejoice.

XIV.

So little Jane's sorrows
Fled with the dreary night;
But she always does now
What mother says is right.



SONG OF A HEART.

I.

A FAIRY bird has sung
In notes both sad and gay ;
My heart is that sweet bird,
And this is its life's lay.

II.

Its early notes were glad—
Both bright and softly clear ;
For its opening song had nought
Of sorrow or of fear.

III.

Sometimes a shadow passed
O'er that full and joyous song ;
But still those bird-like notes
Were softly borne along.

IV.

But there came another time,
When the song grew faint and low ;
And when the heart's sweet notes
Were plaintive, sad, and slow.

V.

It seemed as if the song
Must ever pass away,—
As if 'twere but a part
Of a life's summer day.

WOODS.

I.

THERE'S music in the woods,
Sweet song of birds on high,
And the wind's voice in the trees
As they wave beneath blue sky ;
But sweet silence 's in the woods,—
Nature reigneth there alone ;

And her joyous home is found
 'Mid trees by the mossy stone.

II.

In woods the poet finds
 The pure bright gold of thought;—
 Under the forest trees
 His dreams are quickly wrought:
 For his spirit feels sweet solace
 In the joyful quiet there;
 In his heart are gentle breathings,
 On his lips a murmured prayer.

III.

The woodman's axe is ringing
 In the lonely forest shade;
 O'er his head sweet birds are singing,
 And round flowers bloom and fade.

IV.

The bright sun ever shining—
 He is working all the day:
 But his heart knows no repining—
 The woodman's blithe and gay,

v.

The lengthened shadows fall,
But day still radiance throws,
As he passes through the dell
Where the wind-flower sweetly blows.

vi.

The blue smoke rises slowly
Amid the tall green trees;
The woodman's home is lowly,
But her all affection sees.

vii.

Within, his wife is singing,
As she spreads the frugal meal,
And her joyous voice is ringing
Of happiness' sweet peal.

viii.

The dog but half is sleeping
Upon the cottage hearth;—
O'er her movements watch is keeping,
And wondering at her mirth.



IX.

But the cottage clock is telling
 The hour of coming home ;
 And her glad heart is swelling
 As she marks its welcome tone.

X.

Just then a shadow falls
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The woodman's clear voice calls,
 As she opens the closed door.

XI.

Let us leave them in life's sunshine,—
 Those glad and youthful hearts,
 To enjoy awhile life's May-time,
 To which love fresh bloom imparts.

* * * * *

XII.

Sometimes in the open forest
 We find a gipsy home ;
 The camp fires are just lighted,
 And the wanderers cease to roam.

A bright red cloak in tatters,
Hangs with a painter's grace ;
And a torn old bonnet covers
A dark yet handsome face.

XIII.

In the pot upon the fire
Is the rabbit caught last night ;
The gipsies are standing round,
With faces eager, bright :
For to-morrow's sport they talk of,
How the pheasants in the wood,
And the hare's soft, timid form
Was seen where the great fir stood.

XIV.

But the wood has darker horrors,
And scenes of crime and fear ;
A cry rang out at midnight,
Yet ah ! no help was near :
For a traveller hasted homeward
Thro' the lonely, dark, dim wood ;
And the fir-trees blackest shadow
Now waves where once he stood.



XV.

A touching pensive sweetness
Shows in those blooming bells;
And a soft, yet silent song
Rings in their sunny dells.
Close by their sweet white sister
The drooping shamrock blooms;
And the primrose, too, that deeper shade,
With fragrance yet perfumes.

XVI.

The hues of each mind differ,
Most like the forest trees;
To some the broad, glad sunlight
More beautiful is than these.
Others love the deep sweet gloom,
And chequered light and shade,
Of the joyous summer noon,
Seen in the forest glade.

STARLIGHT.

I.

THEY are coming softly out
To gaze on the world below,—
Those brilliant, starry orbs,
Which above in glory glow.

II.

Our thoughts go onward slowly
Above the clear grey sky,
And pass in visions lowly
To homes which beyond them lie.

III.

They seem to draw us thither,—
Those phantom lights above;
Which in sparkling brightness glitter,
And spell-like beauty move.

IV.

In patience ever shining
The jewelled sky-lamps burn ;
And to their gladdening beauty
In weary hours we turn.

SNOW TIME.

I.

THE quiet snow-time's gladness
Falls on the wintry land,
Where the trees rest dark and cold,
And their snow-wreathed branches stand.

II.

Nature's joyous sounds are hushed,
Her softer voice is still ;
A solemn sweetness rings
From the snowy vale and hill.

III.

And life, its busy ways,
In the working, active town,
Has now a softer touch,
When the heavy snow is down.

IV.

The skies are bright and clear,
There's a freshness in the air,
And children's joyous voices
Sound lightly free from care.

V.

Chrysanthemums' golden heads,
In soft and delicate bloom,
Look out of their frosty beds,
As if snow were come too soon.

VI.

The fires more brightly burn
At the Christmas-expectant hearth;
For the merriment of the snow-time
Has come with its happy mirth.

VII.

And as evening's darkness falls,
Lights shine on the silent scene,
Which come from varied homes,
And the snow lies white between.

VIII.

Time's onward passing wave
Drifts not heart-friends away ;
And thus in the merry snow-time,
Home sympathies are gay.

IX.

The snow in the moonlight lies,
Scarce like an earthly thing ;
And we know its pure white beauty
Should to us heaven bring :

X.

For earth's beauties are soft and rare,
And its joys are great and bright ;
But nothing now shall be
Like the saints that walk in light.

CHILDHOOD'S SADNESS.

I.

LIKE a summer cloud,
Dark and gloomy o'er,
But the bright side shining
On for ever more.

II.

Or a passing shadow,
Lightly thrown around :
Sunshine on the meadow
And on sweet hill-ground.

III.

Like the softened wave
Of a sunny sea :
Echoing in the cave,
And floating back to thee.

IV.

Or flow'rets sadly drooping,
At rosy evening hour,
To bloom at early morning,
Beneath the bright sun's power.

V.

Such is childhood's sadness,
A beauteous hopeful thing ;
Leave their brilliant gladness,
The future tears may bring.

VI.

Sorrow's rain-drops fall
Upon the youthful head ;
Its mournful voices call,
Where fancy's brightness led.

PAST HOPES.

I.

FADING into shadow,
Fading out of sight ;
Passing from the present
Their golden gladdening light.

II.

Falling on the ground,
Falling withered dry ;
Only now remaining,
The memory of a sigh.

III.

Passing, passing quickly,
Passing swift away,
Like the fleeting radiance
Of a summer day.

IV.

But leaving, leaving always,
Leaving in the past;
Blossoms gay in colour,
Flowers which ever last.

HOME.

I.

HOME! that magic word
A starry brightness bringeth;
And my heart within is stirred,
As sweet hope singeth.
Like joyous summer bird,
Singing
Home! Home! Home!

II.

Home brings before me ever,
Sunshine within the heart;
And in life never, never,
Joy or sorrow borne apart:

O'er these pictures my heart rejoices,
 And hears in spirit voices
 Saying
 Home! Home! Home!

III.

Home! 'tis shared alike by all,
 Its spirit gently broods
 In cottage or lordly halls,
 O'er man's darkest saddest mood
 Its soothing influence felt,
 Sorrow's ice will quickly melt
 At
 Home! Home! Home!

IV.

Home comes from deep glad love—
 In prison cells 'tis found;
 And affection may e'en move
 In its dim walls' sweet sound.
 And above those loud sad cries
 Be heard soft whispering sighs
 Of
 Home! Home! Home!

v.

In thoughts of realms above,
Home our spirit finds in heaven;
We trust our Saviour's love,
And know our sins forgiven.
Thus we hear the angel choir
As they string their harps of fire,
Singing softly, singing sweetly,
Home! Home! Home!

SONG OF THE POPPIES.

I.

WE are bright and we are gay,
Waving on a summer day,
Though we are but poppy flowers;
Wealth of beauty it is ours.

II.

When our flowers you lightly gather,
Think of skies and sunny weather;
And our red and brilliant bloom,
Thus your feelings will perfume.

III.

Glowing corn and scarlet poppies,
 Shining in the summer air,
 Tell us now, ye poet painter,
 Which of us ye count most fair.

IV.

Soft and clear the children answer,
 While they hold our poppy-flowers,
 Gay and bright our posies are
 In the cornfield's happy hours.

HAPPINESS.

I.

HAPPINESS! where are thou,
 Fairy fleeting thing?
 Say in what glad brightness
 Dost thou sweetly sing?

II.

Art thou in some cottage
Resting 'mid gay flowers,
Giving ever joy
To quiet-tinted hours?

III.

Is thy bright voice heard
In some ancient hall?
Comes thy low soft song
At riches golden call?

IV.

I have found thy home,
I have heard thy song,
In those homes and hearts
Where truth and love belong.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE CHAIR.*

I.

THE dining-room is bright
With guests and merry cheer ;
The silver on the sideboard
Shines massive, rich, and clear.

II.

Outside the cold snow lies,
And hangs about the door ;
The winds in the old chimneys
With noisy violence roar.

III.

'Tis a gaily-lighted room,
More brilliant from sweet faces,
Which shine like flow'ry garland
In Hebe's fairest graces.

* A Legend of Heanton Rectory, Devon. This Rectory has been in the possession of the Bassett family for centuries, and was formerly a Manor House.



IV.

Sunbeam smiles are sparkling
In soft and beauteous eyes ;
Sunny laughs' sweet music
Those radiant smiles outvies.

V.

One of those lovely faces
A special beauty shows,
And in her happy sweetness
Youth's brilliancy yet glows.

VI.

The heavy snow makes softer
The sound outside the walls,
But the tramp of many horses
That merry throng appals.

VII.

Those are the Roundheads' voices,
So said mine host's young son ;
And thus with terror ended
The feast not long begun.

* * * * *

VIII.

Then o'er Lucy sadly passed
The shadow of dark fear,
Feeling in her heart
Dread danger standing near.

IX.

Her father's name was known
With hatred, fierce and dire,
To rest 'neath mortal ban
Which did his life require.

X.

Come raise the flooring quickly,
A room lies hid below ;
Let to its unknown shelter
This lovely lady go.

XI.

Words spoken in quick haste,
Yet full of kindly thought,
Which had for beauteous Lucy
A safe asylum sought.

XII.

And as the door is opened
By her father's watchful foes,
The large and heavy boards
Above her quickly close.

P A R T II.

XIII.

Dark was the lonely refuge,
Small the cheerful light,
And sadder yet its aspect,
As nearer drew the night.

XIV.

Two chairs stood side by side,
As if to make more drear
The dim and mournful place—
No friend now rested near.

XV.

But sitting down in thought,
 To muse on her sad fate,—
 The flight and bitter terror
 Which thus must her await,—

XVI.

A chain fell from her neck
 With a bright and glittering thing,
 Suspended at its end
 By a small and diamond ring.

XVII.

A little spring unclosed
 A treasured portrait lying
 Within a locket-case,
 O'er which sweet Lucy, sighing,

XVIII.

Gazed as those only gaze,
 Upon an absent face
 Which gleams before your eyes
 In all its pictured grace.

XIX.

In tears and thoughts of grief
The night was soon gone by ;
While yet in the garden walks
The melting snow-heaps lie.

XX.

And short was her sorrowing sleep,
Yet its dreams were happy hours ;
And of joy in sunny France
Amid her young life's flowers.

XXI.

The lamp by her side yet burnt,
But its ray was wan and pale,
Like the hope of her sleeping hours
Which at morning light would fail.

XXII.

And rain fell swiftly down
Upon the snowy ground ;
In Lucy's dreary shelter
Was heard the damp light sound.

XXIII.

But still the room grew brighter
As streaks of light came through
The narrow door and passage ;
Without the cold wind blew.

XXIV.

She heard some noise above,
And listened with quick fear ;
She thought her refuge known
That her foes would soon appear.

XXV.

Lucy rose in eager haste,
The portrait fell unseen
Upon the broken flooring,
And was left the chairs between.

XXVI.

The door of the room undone,
She through the garden fled ;
But scarcely thought or marked
Where the narrow pathway led.

XXVII.

The arbutus-trees' red berries
 Had little birds around,
 Who in the winter weather
 Their food thus quickly found.

XXVIII.

There were some few cold sunbeams
 Upon the garden trees,
 Which made the holly glitter
 With its smooth and dark green leaves.

XXIX.

She opened the garden gate,
 Her safety was certain then ;
 But her English home ne'er saw
 Sweet Lucy return again.

PART III.

XXX.

'Twas a summer day of joy,
A rejoicing calm lay round,
When I the old grey house
In the northern country found.

XXXI.

I saw the low stone windows,
The narrow panes within,
On which no festive lamps
Would now their gay light fling.

XXXII.

Little trace was there of pleasure
In those grey and crumbling walls :
Never now did joys' laugh echo
In those old deserted halls :

XXXIII.

And beneath the dark wood flooring,
 Seeking 'mid the ruins old,
 Did I find a portrait lying,
 And two chairs which sad tale told:

XXXIV.

Tales of a once happy maiden
 And of love now past away ;
 Though without in that old garden,
 Still the summer sunlight play.

XXXV.

Where were they—
 The girl and boy—
 Who of their young life might tell,
 In its path of quiet joy ?

XXXVI.

Gone ! and there the portrait rested,
 And the light fell on the chair ;
 But the form of Lucy Arden
 Never more might grace it there.

NOW.

I.

WHAT a little word it is !
Yet how much it bears
In its broad significance
Of our daily cares.

II.

What a little word it is !
Yet how great the woe,
Which the present to the past
Thus may lightly show.

III.

What a little word it is !
Yet how glad its ray,
When the brilliant sun of joy
Illuminates our day.

STANZAS.

I.

COLD and stony is my heart
As it makes a silent moan ;
For sorrow borne apart,
And lost love once its own,

II.

Bitter wearing grief,
Hopes now gone for ever ;
Though their power was brief,
Their memory resteth ever.

III.

My heart is dark and cold,
But there burneth a dim light ;
It shines on joys grown old,
And hopes once sweetly bright,

IV.

If a thought of hope remaineth
None may say what is its power,
Until there only resteth
Memory's sweet but bitter flower.

V.

Joyous scenes are ever passing
'Fore my saddened eyes ;
Hope's wealth is still amassing,
To be spent in life's long sighs.

VI.

In memory sweetly soundeth
Loves voices to the last ;
And my heart's visior boundeth
To the joyous shadowy past.

THE ARAB'S ANSWER.*

I.

THE lonely desert land,
Where scorching sunbeams fall,
And no echoing sound is heard,
Save the wild bird's loud shrill call.

II.

No softening haze is seen,
No shadow on the sand,
But the mirage-mocking green,
In the mournful desert land.

III.

The lowly Arab dwelling
Rises dark beneath the sun ;
And gathered around at rest
The camels when " day is done."

* A Fact.

IV.

Or the favourite bright-eyed steed,
The Arab's greatest pride,
Who here has no grassy mead,
But who lives at his master's side.

V.

Far in the brilliant distance
Come a long and martial train,
Which the Arab watches calmly
As they wind along the plain.

VI.

Soon the camels are unladen,
The evening fires burn high,
And the weary travellers rest
Beneath the cloudless sky.

VII.

They ask their Arab host
Of his wild adventurous life;
And round that bright watch fire
Hear deeds of desert strife.

VIII.

He tells of late awful storm
 Which in fury passed along ;
 And how on its fearful track
 Were found a nameless throng.

IX.

They perished in darkened silence,
 Their spirits passed away ;
 And on that desert plain
 Their mournful bodies lay.

X.

In listening to these tales,
 And varied Arab store,
 The wish across them stole
 To learn a something more.

XI.

The great o'erruling God—
 Is his empire traced by thee ?
 And in the desert land
 His providence dost thou see ?

XI.

A smile on the Arab face
Shewed belief which dwelt within ;
And thus to the traveller's heart
Conviction he would bring.

XIII.

How knew the desert child
Whether camels in their flight,
Or man's quick, firmer tread,
Passed by his tent last night.

XIV.

The foot-fall on the sand
Is proof to the Arab's eye ;
And thus, in the silent desert,
God's wonders round him lie.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

I.

ANGEL wings are pausing
Above our earthly homes ;
Angel voices whisper
In sweetest, softest tones.

II.

Angels look with pity
On sorrow's bitter fears ,
Angels aid the sufferer
As his Father's home he nears .

III.

Angels held deep converse
With holy men of old ;
Angels as God's messengers
Did then his truth unfold.

IV.

Angels hold a crown
Before the martyr's sight ;
Angels waft his spirit
To meet the saints in light.

V.

Angels laud with rapture
A Saviour's boundless love ;
Angels view his glory
In brightest realms above.

VI.

Angels shine in brightness—
Their radiance groweth dim
Before the light which shineth—
Blessed are all who come to Him.

SEPTEMBER.

A SONNET.

I.

SEPTEMBER's ripened beauty,
 Its fields of golden corn,
And few but radiant flowers
 Of autumn sunshine born.
Its deepened, falling shadows,
 Yet glorious harvest light,
And gorgeous crimson moon,
 Making the darkness bright.
Ah! its glitters on the trees,
 Its tints of gold and brown,
As they wave in joyous breeze
 Ere felt stern winter's frown.
Ah! gay and bright September
 How much delight is thine.

AN ENQUIRY.

I.

ARE thy thoughts
Gone back to fairy dreams,
Which the path of early childhood
To fancy ever seems?
Hast thou seen again in joy
Holly berries on the bough—
The things of past glad days
Which cannot move thee now?

II.

Hast thou gathered sweet white violets
In the meadows green hedge side;
Or tossed the yellow cowslip balls
In youthful happy pride?
Hast thou plucked the May-blooms,
Scenting the joyous summer air;
And when waving fragrant boughs
Felt life without a care?

III.

Hast thou spent, amid bright woods
 The autumn's varied day ;
 Or slept amid brown leaves, .
 Or scattered them in play ?—
 Or filled some giant basket
 With nuts, or sticks for fire,
 Or danced away the hours—
 Ah ! youth can never tire !

IV.

Now say, are these glad days,
 These priceless gems of youth,
 These loves and early friends
 Which have always earnest truth—
 Are they fresher in their flowers,
 More brilliant in their bloom,
 Than the joys which now thou hast,
 Which pass and wither soon ?

V.

Are the golden jewels sparkling
 In ambition's glowing mine,
 Like the days of early childhood
 Which in purest light yet shine ?

And hast thou in these hours
 A warmth of thought and joy,
 Such as felt thy childish heart
 When a loving, earnest boy?

VI.

Thou hast learnt a lesson, dreamer,
 In seeing life's sad ways,
 That 'tis only in Religion
 True brightness ever plays :
 For then if joys are faded,
 And happy dreams are o'er,
 The love of God—thy Saviour—
 Shall shine yet more and more.

THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

I.

Soft and blushing in thy beauty,
 Spirit of sweet evening, come ;
 Come around, in dreamy quiet,
 From thy bright ærial home.

II.

Glad thou art with voice of rest,
Coming to the day-worn hours,
Bringing, in thy airy grasp,
Pensive sweetness to its flowers.

III.

Glorious tints come with thee,
Which sunset clouds enfold;
As, mirroring bright light,
They watch till it grows cold.

IV.

And with thee come those thoughts
That mellow golden dreams
Of day, its many troubles
Thro' which evening's light yet gleams.

CHURCH BELLS.

I.

SOFTLY, sweetly ringing
In the clear bright air,
And their glad sound bringing
Thoughts of rest and prayer.

II.

Loudly, gladly ringing,
And their wedding peal,
In its gay sound bringing
Love for woe or weal.

III.

Solemnly, sadly ringing,
And their funeral sound
Deeply, darkly bringing
Sorrow in homes around.

IV.

Loudly, loudly ringing
On the night-air borne;
And the fire-cry bringing
Help to all forlorn.

V.

Clearly, gladly ringing,
And their welcome sound,
Glorious news is bringing
From distant battle ground.

VI.

But slowly, slowly ringing.
As the hero passes by,
Their awful sound is bringing
A nation's deepest cry.

VII.

Sweetly, sadly ringing
O'er the traveller e'er he die;
Those dream-heard chimes are bringing
The far-off loved ones nigh.

VIII.

Merrily, merrily ringing,
While the snow-flakes fall,
Clear-toned bells are bringing,
Christmas alike to all.

IX.

Cheerily, cheerily, ringing,—
Gone is the past year's sorrow ;
Midnight chimes are bringing
A new year's glad to-morrow.

X.

Softly, faintly ringing,
With voices of hope and love ;
Evening bells are bringing
Whispers of homes above.

REVERIE.

I.

REVIVE the dying embers,—
The mournful, flickering thoughts—
The dreams which Fancy tenders,
Or by soft memory wrought.

II.

The past, its buried treasures
Bring to the present's light,
Nor let its hoarded riches
Lie in oblivion's night,

III.

The childish thoughts and fancies,
Which passed and came again ;
The hopes of early youth
A bright and shadowy train.

•

IV.

Burn not those faded letters—
The jewels of the heart,
But read their well-worn record
Of life itself, a part.

V.

The dried and withered flowers
Of a happy long ago,—
They touch the chords of hours
Which youthful love can show.

VI.

The shadows of the past,
They fall on joyous things,
And by a happy present,
Pass sadly angel wings.

VII.

Yet hearts once grieved and broken,
May find sweet blooming flowers,
Though past the joy unspoken,
Felt in hopes fairy bowers.

HAY-MAKING.

I.

IN the gleeful sunshine,
Soft hay gaily tossing,
Light laughs joyous ringing,
Happy boys and girls
To the waggon bringing
Stores for winter days.

II.

Then at brilliant noon-day,
Resting 'neath the trees,
Hay-makers are sitting,
Cooled by summer breeze;
While around are lying
Joyous scents and flowers.

III.

And at softened twilight,
Passing up the road,

Horse-bells sweetly ring
 Beneath their heavy load ;
 And the murmured song
 Of a home-bound throng.

IV.

Summer passes swiftly,
 Autumn winds are nigh,
 Soon upon the green sward
 Withered leaves will lie ;
 And in winter's coldness
 Nature's gladness die.

“YEARS AGO.”

I.

“YEARS ago,” the words once spoken,
 Link with silence not unbroken ;
 'Tis a shrine where thought has flown,
 And a home our love has known ;
 There by Fancy's fairy finger,
 May the heart with memory linger.

II.

“ Years ago ” sweet shadows play
Round that early, happy way ;
And their voices sadly call
In the Past’s deserted hall ;
Weaving flowers for memory’s wreath
Intertwining leaf by leaf.

III.

“ Years ago ” a bitter pain
Came and went, and came again ;
For the dreary shape of sorrow
Could no gentle semblance borrow ;
Till the quiet snow of time
O’er its darkness might yet shine.

IV.

“ Years ago ” the mirror’d future
Ever laid in sunny light ;
For the present onward cast
Radiance brighter than the past ;
But as years have swiftly fled,
Gay Hope’s brilliant flowers are dead.

v.

" Years ago " their pictures faded,
As by joy and sorrow shaded ;
And the dust of years lies deep
Where those colours dimly sleep ;
Till restored by Memory's brush
In new warmth they softly flush.

THE STORM BELL.

I.

THE waves are dashing wildly
Against the ships at sea ;
Awful in their grandeur,
Fiery in their glee.

II.

Heavy white foam washes
Upon the peopled decks ;
Nought of fear or longing hope
Their angry reign now checks.

II.

Heavy white foam washes
 Upon the peopled decks;
 Nought of fear or longing hope
 Their angry reign now checks.

III.

O'er the quiet wave ringing,
 Quiet in its way,
 Is the *Storm Bell* heard—
 Sound of deep dismay.

IV.

Not the bell of the distant village,
 As in summer sun it lay,
 Which added a quiet calm
 To the peace of a Sabbath-day.

V.

Nor the joy-bell's happy sound,
 With mirth in its ringing tone,
 A spirit of happiness giving
 A feeling in all its own.

VI.

Nor the solemn passing bell,
The echo from unseen shores,—
But a grave and warning sound,
Which above the wild wave soars.

VII.

The Storm Bell sounds alone,
A wave rings each sad peal,
And loudly does the bell
The storm's wild path reveal.

VIII.

On the land yet sunshine lingers,
Though storms hang o'er the sea ;
And Still Peace in the homes
Where Rest and Joy agree.

IX.

But in the dark sad night,
While sleeping in sweet calm,
Or sitting by the hearth
Of the happy smiling farm.

X.

A bell is faintly heard—
First, like an echo seems,
Or like the fancied murmur
Heard in some passing dreams.

XI.

But louder, and yet louder
The Storm Bell rings on ;
Its bitter peal proclaiming
The grief which sweeps along.

NOTE.—“We have heard of a bell set in a lighthouse, rung by the sweep of the winds and the dash of the billows. In the calm motionless sea, it hung mute ; but when the tempest was let loose, the benighted seaman was warned by its chimes.”—*Extract.*

THE ISLAND DOG.*

I.

FAITHFUL in his mournful hours,
Ever at his side,
Is the Indian's little dog—
By adversity he's tried.

II.

Driven from the gay glad scene
Of the prairie's joyous home :
Ever following his sad steps
With a quiet plaintive moan.

III.

Resting on the cold hard rock,
Without food or shelter there,
Does the faithful little dog
For his master fondly care.

*An Anecdote of Jamaica.

IV.

And when death has laid the Indian
Silent in the mountain cave,
Those who come shall find the dog
Sleeping in the master's grave.

THE CAMPANERO.*

I.

THE forest is at rest,
The little birds are still ;
Not even summer air
Roams at its breezy will.

II.

A lonely native's sitting
Beneath a tree whose shade,
Shelter from the burning sun,
And bright retreat has made.

* Or Bell Bird.

III.

A listless sadness dwells
Upon that darkened face,—
For in their Father land
His race have now no place.

IV.

Suddenly on the silence
Comes a distant ringing bell,
And as the native listens,
He hears it sweetly swell.

V.

He fancies it ringing softly
In the unseen hunting ground,
Where now his aged father
A bright new home has found.

VI.

And as while nature rests,
The bell alone is heard ;
The Indian's sudden heart
By early memory's stirred.

VII.

He sees his former home
In the distant prairie land,
Where his father—an Indian chief—
Held rule o'er a warlike band.

VIII.

And he was an Indian boy,
Who in freedom blithe and gay,
Pass'd his joyous summer life
In the sports of his tribe at play.

IX.

Now the white man's hated rule
Holds the prairie in its sway,
And he—an Indian chief—
Is a wanderer on his way.

X.

Thus the Campanero's notes
Soothed the lonely Indian heart,
Though as their sweet sounds cease,
Its happier thoughts depart.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM OF HIS HOME.

I.

Our ship lay on the ocean
Like a sea-bird in her nest,
For the stirring wind was still,
The wave around at rest.

II.

The sun set in the distance
With fiery golden light,
And soon upon the deep
Fell silence of the night.

III.

A cry upon the deck,
Or a bird which by us fled,
Were all the sounds that broke
The stillness round us shed.

IV.

And the stars in their great calmness
 Shone high above the wave ;
 And the moonbeam's silver beauty
 A lustrous sweetness gave.

V.

I slept, and the sailor's spirit
 Fled backward to the shore,
 Where my home, a shingled cottage,
 Glad dreams did thus restore.

VI.

The gate was slightly open,
 The roses' sweet perfume,
 Came o'er me in my dream
 Upon that summer noon.

VII.

And sadly in the door-way,
 With wistful, anxious gaze,
 Was a dark, yet bright-eyed maiden,
 Who watched the far-off haze.

VIII.

She sighed when the tiny sails
Turned to their homes again ;
And I heard my whispered name
In accents of eager pain.

IX.

Then she passed into the cottage,
And sat in the summer sun,
While over her spinning wheel
A low, sweet melody she sung.

X.

And that old grey worsted shawl,
Which my mother always wore,
I saw it again as clearly
As in glad days of yore ;

XI.

And heard her well-known voice,
And saw her cheery smile,
Which in my boyish hours
Would me from play beguile.

XII.

But the splash of a heavy wave
Scattered far away my dream;
And only the home sunshine
Upon my heart did gleam.

A FAREWELL.

I.

We left on a summer morning
When the skies were bright and clear
But all beyond our home
Seemed shadowy, dark, and drear.

II.

Our hearts were dull and heavy,
A sadness lay around
The quiet mournful Present,
And the Future's untried ground.

III.

The words we spoke were few,
For we felt our tears might flow,
And our sad, yet eager thoughts
To our cherished home would go.

IV.

We felt that no other beauties
Would seem to us so fair,
For they held us in a spell,
A charm most sweetly rare.

V.

The pictured landscape seen
In Memory's quiet past,
Would ever o'er them fall,
And gloomy shadows cast.

THE ORGAN BOY.

I.

CATHEDRAL, chimes had struck
The quiet hour of four,
When a wandering organ boy
Looked thro' the open door.

II.

The organ sounded sweetly
Thro' the dimness of the nave,
And to the beauteous music
A listening soul he gave.

III.

And the thoughts of the Italian
Were with a cloister bell,
Which often in the evening
O'er the lake's sweet waters fell.

XII.

The misty veil of morn
Was hanging o'er the lake ;
But in its balmy sweetness
The boy could not partake.

XIII.

For the mule was standing sadly,
Alone at the peasant's door,
And the boyish eyes were weeping
For a loved one seen no more.

XIV.

Some old and stunted trees
Stood in a dark ravine,
Where, amid grey stones and moss,
A lifeless form was seen.

xv.

And Pietro's arms embraced
The loved and mournful dead ;
And again his father's name
With agony he said.

XVI.

A small white cross was placed,
And flowers were strewed around
A green and nameless grave,
In the silent churchyard found :

XVII.

And to a foreign shore
Pietro went away,
When the sunbeams' glorious beauty
O'er the lake's sweet waters lay.

XVIII.

Thus, in the lonely city,
A wandering, friendless boy,
Was Pietro Garni's home—
His organ his only joy.

PART II.

I

“Bella à me ritorna”

The softly-echoing sound,
Which, amid the crowded streets
Was in its brightness found.

II.

“Bella à me ritorna”

So gloriously he sung ;
And those liquid lovely notes,
Like a fairy peal they rung.

III

An orange man was passing,
And stopped to hear the song,
Which from those boyish lips,
Poured its tide of joy along.

IV.

A tear glistened in the eye,
Which cares of many years
Had made in sorrow dry,
As the beauteous notes he hears.

V.

A golden orange taking
From amidst his ripest store,
The orange man to the songster,
As a tribute gently bore.

VI.

My home thou hast brought before me,
I am a child once more,
And see the daisied meadows
As in those days of yore.

VII.

“Oranges! sweet oranges!”
He cried, as he went away;
But the music in his heart
Echoed the boy's bright lay.

VIII.

Two jollifellies were coming quickly—
 Between them an ironed man,
 Whose eyes rest on the ground,
 That none his face may scan.

IX.

His dark hair was matted,
 But the brow was soft and clear;
 You felt the drooping eyes
 None knew not shame nor fear.

X.

He had wandered many days,
 Had slept thro' bitter nights
 Beneath some household door,
 When the cold was at its height.

XI.

The robin who gathered crumbs
 Upon the window sill,
 Felt less the piercing cold—
 He lived in icy chill.

XII.

Such trifling food he had
Thro' weary, homeless days,
While passing to and fro
In the city's busy ways.

XIII.

A baker's shop he saw,
And stopped to look within;
Then quickly went away,
To feel the thought was sin.

XIV.

But the door stood widely open,
And no one very near,—
He entered, took some bread,
Then ran away, from fear.

XV.

'Twas thus the fetters claimed
Stern place upon his hands;
But ah! they were as nought
To the shadow which by him stands:

XXIV.

He was a great Maestro,
 Who felt the clear rich tone
 Which the glad and gay Italian,
 As a singer thus would own.

XXV.

A few words kindly spoken
 Made the boy's heart quickly close
 With the student's quiet life,
 The Academic's repose.

XXVI.

So the wandering organ boy
 In course of time became,
 Thro' his wondrous power of song,
 A master of great fame.

THE GLOAMING.

I.

THERE is an hour of quiet thought,
When the dreams of youth are quickly wrought;
And Fancy's chisel hath a power
Unknown, save at the twilight hour.

II.

Ah! the young, glad, happy things,
Whose life is bright 'mid fairy rings,
They love the gloom of the twilight hour,
With its deep, mysterious power.

III.

'Tis then the gentlest feelings
Come o'er the heart like balm;
And the strength of that hour's revealings
Sheds on all a deepening calm.

IV.

A sense of quiet rest,
Happiness scarce confest,
And memory's softest light,
Are seen in the grey twilight.

V.

The old, of earthly hope bereft,
Feel memory's joys alone are left ;
Love not the gentle shadow cast,
Their sunlight days are too long past.

VI.

Long-forgotten scenes arise
From a past which in them lies ;
As the darkness closes in,
All, save sorrow, grows more dim.

VII.

In memory's studio sculptured lie
Faces, forms, which never die :
And twilight's mournful halo glows
Around those forms in clear repose.

THE STARS OF MEMORY.

I.

THE stars of memory sparkle
In the clear bright night of thought,
And thus upon the present
A distant light is brought.

II.

Some stars have a gentle, quiet light,
And shine in softest peace,
From their great untroubled height,
When the lamps of life's day cease.

III.

And others shine with brightness,
Which almost makes the sky
Have a radiant, sunlight lightness
As they calmly, gladly lie.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL
CHARTER."

I.

THE gale is coming fast,
The clouds are darkening o'er ;
Loud howls the stormy blast
Along the lonely shore.

II.

Uplifted on the waves
A ship is borne along,
While thro' those gloomy caves
Echoes the sea-bird's song.

III.

Proudly unfurled her sails,
On her shadowy deck glad hearts,
Whose beating tells sweet tales
Of home, which hope imparts.

IV.

To their fancy, on yonder shore,
Home lights burn clear and bright;
While above the billows roar,
Its voices ring on the night.

V.

Home glances before their eyes
In Hope's magic mirror shone,
But as the picture dies,
Fear marks them for its own;

VI.

For between the wished-for land
Rolls a tossing, angry sea;
What ship such a gale can stand,
And where will those doomed ones be?

VII.

The minutes are swiftly going,
Each tells a mournful tale,
For the tattered sails are showing
That soon all hope must fail.

VIII.

The shadow of death fell sadly
 On every waiting heart :
 But the voice of prayer rose gladly,
 Ere they from earth must part.

IX.

Then one courageous voice
 Spoke in a ringing tone ;
 Ah ! do not his words rejoice
 The exiled from love and home :—

X.

“ To save from the foaming wave,
 And to reach our homes once more,
 I will ocean’s fury brave,—
 Go, throw out the rope before.”

XI.

A shriek from the vessel rose
 As it sunk down in the sea,
 Yet ere the waters close
 Some are there saved by thee.

PART II.

I.

IN a cottage home, sitting,
A woman, o'er her fire,
Peacefully, quietly, knitting,
Ere the flickering flames expire.

II.

Her thoughts are roaming far,
As her busy fingers ply,
Full of hopeful love they are,
And she breathes a happy sigh.

III.

'Tis a sweetly-soothing sight
Within those cottage walls;
Affection shines more bright
Than in many lordly halls.

IV.

The dreamy household purr
 Of puss upon the hearth;
 And the gentle, pleasant stir
 Of small voices in their mirth.

V.

From the softly-opened door
 A silent shadow falls,—
 A light step on the floor,
 'Tis the minister who calls.

VI.

In his kind face is sorrow,
 She scarce hears his words,
 But her hope's joyous morrow
 By death's blight is stirred.

VII.

A piercing cry arose
 On that glad hearth at night;
 It came from heart throes,
 'Twas love's mournful right.

PART III.

I.

THE widow's heart is still,
 Beneath its bitter pain ;
Yet with submissive will
 She does not dare complain.

II.

There 's a shadow on her life,
 A sadness in her home,
For to the happy wife
 Death its power has darkly shown.

III.

The fire in brightness glows,
 The cat still purring sits,
But the sock's dropped stitches show
 That the housewife never knits.

IV.

Looking out in wistful sadness
She sees the postman come ;
He brings to her no gladness,—
His knock no welcome owns.

V.

“ A letter, if you please,
It comes from far away ;”
The writing she hardly sees,
But asks how much to pay.

VI.

Her child, who standing by,
Laughs at the postman's coat ;
Hears a faint, but joyful cry
As she opens the little note.

VII.

For it bears to her a message
From him she mourned as dead ;
But who 's on his homeward passage,
And will see her soon, it said.



VIII.

With a heart of deepest joy
 She says an humble prayer,
 And feels as if the Future
 Could now unfold no care.

IX.

Once more in that sweet cottage
 Bright voices are gaily sounding,
 Life has turned again love's page
 And their hearts with joy are bounding.*

 SILENCE.

I.

THE silence of the forest,
 The deep, yet speaking rest,
 The gentle moving leaves,
 And summer air, which breathes
 Only a softer calm.

* An incident at St. Mary-Church, Torquay.

The sometimes joyous note
 From a distant warbler's throat,
 Such does not break repose
 Which the forest quiet shows.

II.

The silence of the deep,
 The hush of waves asleep;
 The simple sails which glide
 O'er the blue on-passing tide,
 Leave silvery paths behind.
 The life which lies unseen,
 Those sparkling waves between,
 Does in noiseless quiet way,
 'Neath the sun-lit water play.

III.

The silence of bright thought,
 Ere the tongue word-shapes has wrought,
 When across a golden sky
 Will Fancy lightly fly
 On unseen, untracked way,
 Then common things around
 Breathe each a spirit sound



To the listening ear of Mind,
Thus with itself entwined.

IV.

The silence of deep woe,
When hours unreckoned go,
And the things of slighter pain,
Pass unnoticed like soft rain,
Which is scarce heard.
When the heart with anguish mute,
To all save pain is proof;
Such silence is unbroken,
Save by the woe unspoken.

V.

The silence of past years,
In Memory's home appears;
Fairy thoughts and hours,
Early-gathered flowers,
Which withered in their bloom.
But with watch and ward are kept,
Treasures that thro' years have slept,
Save when by some passing thing,
Silent birds will faintly sing.

VI.

The silence of Farewell,
 Saddening as it softly fell ;
 Blooming blossoms faded,
 Sunlight darkly shaded,
 Silence in sweet life :
 And the heart by pain grown cold
 Garners up the words of old,
 Will not gather brighter flowers,
 But enfolds the dream-seen hours.

ROMANCE.

I.

ROMANCE lies deep in the human mind,
 And our life goes on its way
 Without one softening touch
 Has found a path where it may play ;
 But still in the sternest heart it dwells,
 And often a simple thing
 Will enter into secret fairy cell,
 And treasures outward bring :

For the deepest beauty hidden lies,
 And is but seldom seen,
 Like the comet-lamps in the starry skies,
 Which shine full years between :
 'Tis thus with our sweetest, brightest thoughts,
 Which are softly in silence wrought.

FEELING.

I.

THERE'S a something inmost dwelling
 In the depths of human soul,
 And its gentle presence ever
 Will our outward self control :

II.

'Tis a wayward, fitful thing,
 In a soft reflection seen ;
 Shining through the darkest nature
 With a joyous sunny gleam.

III.

Often when the heart grows hard
 'Neath the pressure of dull care,
 Feeling, with its quiet power,
 Makes our life a sweetness wear.

IV.

Those whose bitter, painful spirits
 Seek to quench its happy ray,
 Make their life a dark, sad shadow,
 Where few sunbeams ever play.

 PASSING UP THE RIVER.

I.

THERE are passings up the river
 In the early morning light,
 Of dark and shadowy vessels
 Beyond their homes' loved sight.

'Tis the passing of all beauty
 From many watching hearts,
 Which, in the outward bound,
 To distant lands departs.

II.

The fluttering of the wind
 Makes the flags move gaily round;
 But oh! what bitter woe
 In that ship-home is found.
 'Twill pass up the river,
 Far out upon the sea;
 But when it rests at anchor
 Where shall the lost homes be?

III.

Far behind, the laden barge
 Comes with its heavy oars,
 Close by the level bank
 Of the quiet river shores.
 And you hear the loud, clear voice
 Of the barge-man's morning cry,
 As it passes up the river
 From where the quarries lie.

IV.

A grey and sombre mist
Rests on the river trees ;
The steamer's heavy smoke
Carried onward by the breeze.
A little world 's on board,
The troops for far-off lands,
And the captain at the helm,
Who so still and silent stands.

V.

There 's music on the river—
It is coming swiftly nigh—
The excursion steamer's band,
From the busy town close by.
What merry groups are sitting—
With baskets for the day—
With flags and happy people ;
The pleasure steamer 's gay.

VI.

And passing up the river,
With the swiftness of a bird,
The light oars of the wherry
Its tide has scarcely stirred.

While gliding past large ships,
 Rejoicing in its speed,
 Where may its quick, gay grace
 Triumphantly thus lead.

VII.

There 's been passing up the river
 All through the sunny day ;
 And now, at quiet evening,
 The moonbeams on it play.
 But a dark form is passing
 In their silver line of light—
 The Indiaman's proud beauty,
 Going outward with the night.

VIII.

There are lights in cabin windows,
 Which sparkle on its way ;
 The feelings of the exiles
 How little they betray.
 Inside, some write fond pages
 To dear ones left behind ;
 And some weep o'er the Past,
 With the Future yet entwined.

THE OLD MILL.*

I.

THERE is a city wall,
With portico and door ;
Which stands where once a mill
Stood in old times of yore.

II.

And the mill-wheel sounded blithely,
When the miller ground the corn ;
Brought from golden fields outstretching
By the laden waggons borne.

III.

Then the river down the street
Flowed along with happy sound ;
And the children of the village
On it their play-ground found.

* Now the Union Hall, Torquay.

IV.

They sailed their tiny boats
Upon its summer tide,
And shouted in their glee,
As lightly down they glide.

V.

The light in the miller's window
Shone o'er the village street,
And was seen from fishers' homes,
Where land and waters meet.

VI.

Of the fragments of the mill
Was built the city hall;
And now the song uprises
Where stood the old mill wall.

TOO SOON.

I.

Too soon the leaves are falling
From off the summer trees,
While rooks are loudly calling
In chilly autumn breeze.

II.

Too soon the light is fading
From yonder distant hill ;
Too soon the darkness shading
Says fancy, peace be still.

III.

Too soon the shadows darken
Affection's sunny day ;
Too soon does friendship hearken
To what the world will say.

IV.

Too soon the jewelled dew-drops,
Which glitter on the grass,
Are by the sunbeams scattered,
Their fairy beauties pass.

V.

Too soon the gay bright flowers
Shed sadly their soft bloom;
Too quickly fly the hours
Of summer's radiant noon.

VI.

Too soon the snowy beauty
Of earth, in wintry time,
Becomes a thing forgotten—
Amid the city's rime.

MY HOME.

I.

MY home, ah! the heart rests there,
Though years are past away
Since I saw its loving beauty
In the summer's brilliant May.

II.

My home was a cottage sweet
That smilingly looked down
On the distant landscape stretching—
The far-off sunny town.

III.

My home, ah! the sea lay shining
Before it silvery white;
And light boats onward passed
Swift birds in their glad flight.

IV.

While its waves were gently sounding
Upon our small white bay:
And the sunbeams rested lightly
Where the town's white houses lay.

V.

My home, ah ! the flowers lay scattered,
Their treasured brilliance shed
In rich profusion round—
They now lie withered—dead.

VI.

My home was a sunny place,
But trees embowering stood
Like guardians of its sweetness—
Without the near green wood.

VII.

There the nuts hung in rich clusters
Above my childish head ;
And beneath the brown leaves crackled
Where lightly fell my tread.

VIII.

My home had its own memories,
Both sweet and bitter too;
But strung together softly
In freshness ever knew.

IX.

Though other homes have risen
The scenes of happy hours,
My heart clings to the memory
Of my early home's sweet bowers.

REVERIE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

[BEE.]

I.

THE shade of mountain grandeur
Falls on our village days;
The snow renewed by years
Rises far above our gaze;

And higher rise the ranges
 Of mountain rock and peak ;
 Higher, yet ever higher
 The bright blue sky they seek.

II

Bleak and lone their greatness ;
 But beauty with them dwells—
 A beauty which of glory,
 Of sublimest glory tells ;
 And the trees and green of valleys,
 But lie beneath their feet—
 Like the life of peasant story—
 Lowly, calm, and gently sweet.

III.

The clouds on mountains rest ;
 Their path o'er a snow-world lies ;
 They gently fall on the crags,
 From glorious summer skies ;
 They open awhile to the Sun,
 And mountain tops are seen ;
 The grand and brilliant forms
 Of an Alpine day's glad dream.

IV.

The little falls in the vale

Come from the depth of snow ;

A brotherhood of streams

Flowing quietly, far below :

And warmth of sunlight lingers

In the shadows on the hills ;

A quietude of colour,

Their softened blueness fills.

V.

The mountains close on lakes,

On the life of sleeping seas,

And the air from their snow tops

Becomes the summer breeze ;

But delicate mists will hover

On mountain land, and vale,

And the grandeur of the Alps,

Tells a shadowy, softened tale.

VI.

The glory of God appeareth

In these giant forms of Time—

He has written on their wonders—

This majesty is mine ;

These are but heaven-born shadows,
For faint is their bright light,
To that surpassing glory,
Yet hid from mortal sight.

VII.

The evenings and the mornings
Pass over mountain snows ;
The sun's bright early glory,
And the evening's tint of rose ;
And the lapse of years is counted
By the glaciers fall and rise—
The only sign of Time,
In the monarchs 'neath the skies.

THE VENETIAN WELCOME.

I.

OVER the Sea, the clear soft notes
Of a song from the sunny strand,
But you may not catch the faintest glimpse
Of a joyous peasant band.

II.

L'aria sulla grande mare,
Entra nelle piccole vele,
E ancora delle Montague,
Viene nelle valle e pelle.

III.

Ma quando del Sol il caldo,
Fa il travaglio piu duro,
Viene allor il pensier,
Del riposo sempre sicuro.

IV.

Echoing over the waters,
Nearing through evening light,
Reaching the homebound wanderers,
Passing beyond their sight.

V.

Far away o'er the quiet sea,
The answer sweetly came,
Falling like unseen music,
Breathing each loved one's name.

VI.

Echo, and following echo
Welcome and homebound song,
Through the brilliant sunset hours,
Joyously flowing along.

VII.

Brightly the cloak and hat
Of the peasant wife appeared,
As the often-welcomed boats,
Still singing, gently neared.

VIII.

And through the deepening shadow,
Beneath the sky of gold,
The last sweet notes of the song
Were gaily, gladly told.

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